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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE MUSICAL TRAMP.

BY L. A. OSBORNE.

Consid'rably cosmopolite—the comp'ny, by the way,
As company is apt to be at any new "survey."
We represented every land of very much amount,
From Chinaman of Shanghai to a French and German Count.

We gathered close together in that prairie town hotel—
The cheerless, dingy tavern we anathemized so well.
And we talked about the weather as we gath'red 'round the stove,
For a blizzard it was blowing and a chilling mist it drove;
Blew and blustered, skipped and scurried as only it can drive
O'er a level plain of forty miles—the dreariest place alive.

We smoked and talked on anything that any could recall—
Considering the comp'ny—which could interest us all;
We talked about elections, the cattle and the crop,
Of any likely section where a man could safely drop—
Of cattle-thieves and lynching-bees, of every kind of sport,
And dwindled to relations of the reminiscence sort,
Till everyone had silent grown before he was aware,
And thought of other days more dear and other scenes more fair.

Then at the wind-shook door was heard a shuffling sort of clamp,
And entered there a fellow of unprepossessing stamp.
Whom each one thought before he spoke and marked him for a tramp;
He looked upon the company, the comp'ny looked at him;
In truth, he was a dirty chap, and very tall and slim;
He took from 'neath his ragged coat a large harmonicon;
That he was up to business was what ev'rybody saw.

"Now gentlemen, sirs, if you please, I'm in a hungry way,
I haven't had a bite to eat for all the blessed day;
And if you don't object, why then," the tramp then further said,
"I'll give a little music for a mouthful and a bed."

Then some one vowed in joking way, and winked a wink so drod,
"I'll give a dollar if you'll play a tune to suit us all."
Which generous offer, by the by, considering the place,
Was rather sly, for every man was of a different race.

The tramp was silent for a while, then said, "Fall into line,
And if I strike the needful tune the cash will then be mine;
And when a gentleman desires to show his appreciation,
That I may know when I am done, he'll please vacate his station."

He took up his harmonicon and blew so soft an air,
That almost every one bethought to take himself to chair.
Then suddenly, yet skilfully, he changed about the tune,
And drifted to the melancholy "Bonny Banks 'o Doon."

He looked upon a Scotchman, who wilted straight away,
With, "That's the sweetest music, sir, I heard for many a day."

A short refrain—an interlude—he changed from sad to joy;
A military attitude, and then the Marseillaise,
Forth sprang the Frenchman, fire in eye, at what he loved to hear.
He was again in sunny France, a graceful grenadier.

The artful music still went on—skipped to the "Wacht am Rhein;"
A German was another one to step from out the line;
And a doughty Cornishman succumbed to "Auld Lang Syne."

With eye alert, and wondrous skill, he kept the game in hand.
A soldier lad, who fought with Lee, went out at "Maryland."
An Irishman helped out the gap at "Wearing of the Green,"
And quite a sentimental chap stepped out a "Gypsy Queen."
Old "Yankee Doodle" took one more, a Yankee, tall and slim;
John Chinaman still kept the floor, and what could "fetchee" him?

The player wavered just a bit—a moment to recall—
Then made a quite ingenious hit, and played no tune at all.
He simply jumbled o'er the keys and made a dreadful din;
There wasn't any music, but it roped the "Heathen" in.
He was the last. The tramp sat down. The reader may regard
That when the ragged hat went round it met a just reward.

Albion, Neb.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Hadrian, and His Magnificence—A Tilt with an Architect—The Yellow Tiber—An Ancient Politician Roman Jobs, Bosses and Woman Squabbles.

LVIV.

HADRIAN AND HIS VILLA AND TOMB.

Hadrian, one of the great Emperors, though in some particulars very weak men, of Rome, left monuments enough scattered in and about the City to insure remembrance of his name for some ages to come.

To reach what is left of his villa, you go to Tivoli, a spot of wondrous beauty, an hour or such a matter by rail from Rome. You will linger longer at Tivoli than you intended, if you have any taste for the beautiful in Nature. The road winds up a steep hill, through orchards of olives, the brown of the crooked and gnarled trees contrasting delightfully with the green foliage and the greener grass, till you reach the summit on which Tivoli is perched. Then a succession of beauties await you. Tivoli is built upon a ravine hundreds of feet deep, down the precipitous banks of which a river was turned, making a succession of waterfalls unequaled for beauty anywhere in the world. You pass completely around a great gulf, every step affording you a new beauty and unveiling a new prospect, each one eclipsing its predecessor. You are not in a cosmopolitan City like Rome, but a primitive one, which, despite the influx of travelers, still retains its original appearance. There are ruins of temples yet remaining, one the Temple of Vesta being in a tolerable state of preservation. It was partially destroyed by an English Lord—Bristol—who purchased it and commenced to move it piece-meal to his estates in Norfolk, England. Fortunately the authorities interfered and the beautiful temple remains where it was originally built.

From this temple a splendid view of the famous cascades of Tivoli is to be had. The waters of the Anio, turned from their original course, leap down a succession of precipices, one of which is 340 feet in hight. There is not an inch of ground in or about Tivoli, that is not beautiful, and were not the beggars so persistent there would be no more pleasant excursion in the vicinity of Rome. But one does not like to have his eyes taken from a ravishing view to rest upon a fever-sore on the leg of an old woman who has lived upon it from the time she graduated with it into the ranks of the beggars.

About one-third of a mile from Tivoli are the ruins of Hadrian's villa. The great Emperor in his declining years desired a villa that should contain everything that was delightful in the world, and, with his resources, for him to desire was to have. He took an area of territory of about 15 miles square and enclosed it. He showed excellent taste in his selection. On the east were the wooded ranges of the Sabine Mountains, and on the west stretched out at his feet, the Campagna, with the Eternal City in the distance, near enough to make the obelisks and temples delightfully visible, and far enough away to be relieved of the noise and confusion of a great City. A great City in the distance is always beautiful.

Nature accomodated him in his design, for the ground was admirably adapted to his purpose. It was a series of delightful hills and valleys, with wooded places and delightful meadows. There were glens with water running in them which furnished him cascades almost-ready made, there was a great stretch of lowland for a lake, and the mountains contained the water in abundance to fill the lake.

Then with an army of men, and money unlimited, he set to work to convert this lovely spot into a residence that might well be saidto be royal. He built an imperial palace, a library, a gymnasium, galleries of art filled from all the rest of the world with the very best the genius of the world had produced, he built him a theater, an immense bath, in short there was nothing that taste, money and labor could produce that was not there. The extent of his collection of statuary may be inferred from the fact that after the villa was in ruins and the lake was drained to make pasture, the heads of over 3,000 pieces of statuary were found in its bottom, many of them ranking with the work of the greatest of ancient sculptors. The Romans had some sort of superstition about destroying the heads of statues, and as they wanted the bodies to burn into lime the heads were knocked off and thrown into the lake to be gathered up centuries after.

It is a sorry looking place now. There are long stretches of ruined pillars which once were parts of beautiful colonnades, miles of wall in all stages of ruin, and miles of pavement of the choicest marbles. Where Hadrian's courtiers once disported themselves cattle which furnish Rome with milk are grazing, and the olive orchards are where the imperial gardens once blossomed in flowers.

A CONCEITED ARCHITECT.

Hadrian was a very great man, but like other Emperors wanted to be considered a universal genius, his principal weakness being architecture. He designed many temples, which are now ruins, ghastly commentaries upon human ambition. He submitted the plans of one to Apollodorus, a really great architect, a man as great in architecture as he was deficient in knowledge of human nature. Hadrian did not want an opinion—he wanted commendation; but he went to the wrong man. Apollodorus laughed at his plans, and demonstrated that they about as bad as could be, whereupon Hadrian, enraged at the unpalatable truth, promptly exiled him.

After a time he amended the plans and sent them to Apollodorus for his approval. Now had Apollodorus been a wise man he would have made some trifling alterations in them, some little thing entirely immaterial, as, for instance, that to him it seemed that some part was perhaps a half foot too large. But really that couldn't be determined till he had studied the plans more thoroughly and given more time to consider them, and with a better knowledge of the surroundings, or that the entrance might possibly be improved by enlarging seven-eighths of an inch, but with these trifling exceptions the plans were the greatest that human mind had ever conceived, and the temple, if erected, would be the glory of Rome and the envy of Greece.

Had he done this the Emperor would have sent a special convoy to bring him home, he would have been appointed Court architect, and loaded with dignities and wealth, and might have grown great enough to have devised a plot to murder the Emperor and take his place himself.

But he did nothing of the kind. He sent back word that the Emperor should paint pumpkins but not meddle with architecture—something he knew nothing about and had no capacity for. That was his honest opinion, and happened to be the exact truth, but Apollodorus was very unwise to state it. A lamb should never lecture a wolf on his unnatural appetite for mutton, when he is where the wolf can get at him.

Hadrian immediately dispatched an executioner to Apollodorus, and his head paid the penalty of his plain-speaking. Truth is a beautiful thing, and a lovely, but it needs to be sparingly used about Emperors who have supreme power and plenty of headsmen at command.

CASTLE ST. ANGELO.

The Castle of St. Angelo which was the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian, is one of the most striking monuments of ancient Rome. It is a vast cylinder of stone 987 feet in circumference. It is built of the stone known as travertine, but was originally sheathed with marble, all of which has been stripped off at different times to furnish material for modern churches and palaces. The structure itself was not taken, only because travertine is very cheap in and about Rome. There is nothing worth stealing that has not been stolen.

It has been for many years utilized as a fortress and a prison. As it was a state prison, many a soul has fretted itself away against the unfeeling rocks out of which the cells were hewn, in their darkness. However beautiful it was once, when it was sheathed with marble, it is a dark and gloomy place now, and a few minutes in its cells are quite sufficient.

Its peculiar form and the position it occupies make a striking picture. It is now used as barracks for soldiery, and is as prosaic a place as any in Rome. It is a striking commentary on the absurd ambition of men, that the very sarcophagus in which the remains of Hadrian were deposited was subsequently used for a Roman Pontiff, and is now a baptismal font in St. Peter's. The tomb of a pagan Emperor is now a Christian baptismal font! Curious changes indeed. But then we must remember that the statue of St. Peter was once worshiped by the pagans under the name of Jupiter and the chair of St. Peter which is venerated by all Christians, has upon its back the Mahometan inscription: "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet" It doesn't make any difference so that no one knows it. The merit is in the act of devotion. If there is an imposture it is chargeable to the impostor and not to the imposed upon.

THE TIBER RIVER.

The Tiber, upon the banks of which the Castle stands, is a most disappointing stream. Like everything Roman one naturally expects to find it a majestic, broad, fierce stream, with something imperial in its nature On the contrary it is an insignificant stream that in America would scarcely be dignified with the name of river—muddy and ugly. Cassius's feat of rescuing Cæsar from its waters, "all encumbered with armor;" was not a very difficult feat unless it was much wider in that day than this. But the old river is so encrusted with recollections that it is of interest, despite its insignificance. Armies have crossed it to conquer worlds, and armies have crossed it to conquer Rome. Every foot of it is historic, and about the first thing a foreigner wants to see is the best known river in the world except the Jordan. It is a pity that the stream itself is not as magnificent as the histories that stud its banks. The "yellow Tiber" is yellow because of the mud that fills it, and it does not warrant the poetic use made of it. It is anything but a poetic stream. It smells to heaven, and there is no poetry in well-defined stinks.

It has its fits of insubordination, as has the Mississippi, and very frequently inundates the entire lower portion of the City.

The bridges that span it are all historic. There is the Ponte Rotto, the abutments of which were built B. C. 639, and which was the scene of one of the most gallant feats of ancient times. Those who will brush up their ancient history will remember when the whole Etruscan army under the command of Lars Porsena swept down upon Rome they attempted to cross by this bridge. Horatius Coccies and his two companions essayed to hold the bridge against the enemy till it was hewn down, and they did it. Macaulay in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," embalms the heroism of the three, thus:

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play;
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three."

The passage was so narrow that only three could oppose Horatius and his heroic comrades and they held the bridge till it was hewn down and the Tiber was between Rome and its enemies. However we wonder that the Etruscans wanted a bridge at all. Unless the Tiber was larger than it is to-day or happened to be flooded, they might have waded across. But if they had done this Macaulay would never have written the ballad. There are a score of bridges across the Tiber all with histories.

CINCINNATUS AND HIS FARM.

Right across the Tiber, from the Castle of St. Angelo, was the farm of Cincinnatus, where he was found plowing when the endangered Romans wanted him to resume the power he had laid down. When Cincinnatus resigned his dignities and took to plowing, it will be noticed that he did not go to a distant province where he could not be found. He selected a farm that was accessible to Rome, and the field in which he plowed could be almost seen from the Capitol.

He did very much as American statesmen do, when they want the country to call for them. It is a favorite device of statesmen of to-day to permit themselves to be surprised at mending fences, trimming apple trees, and employments of a like, simple nature, which they quit with a sigh to take up power and the cares of public life. To see a statesman up an apple tree, whacking off branches with an axe, is a spectacle calculated to impress the beholder with an idea of honesty, simple tastes, and all that. Cincinnatus originated the scheme and it has been followed with great success in our beloved country. He was where he could be found very easily, and when deputations came for him they always found him holding a plow drawn by oxen. He kept the oxen always in yoke before the plow so that when he saw senators approaching he might always be found at work like an honest man. Some American candidates for high places keep an orchard at the back of their homes in the country that delegations of friends may find them pruning trees, and go away saying, "We found him at work clipping his apple trees, and a man who pruned apple trees must be an honest, simple-minded citizen, and one to whom we may safely entrust power." It is hard on the trees, but it has been known to pay a very heavy percentage on the investment. Cincinnatus knew all about it.

His farm is now covered with buildings of a very mean order, and the ground where he did the plowing is covered with wine shops, in the doorway of which stand dirty women, and on the sidewalk beggars bask in the warm sun. They do not plow or do anything else. They are not Cincinnatuses.

OLD-TIME FEMININE QUARRELS.

On the bank of the Tiber near the Ghetto is a temple still in good preservation known as the Temple of Patrician Chastity—now a church, as are all the old pagan temples that survived the shock. The chaste patrician matrons of Rome here offered sacrifices and made their vows. The legend connected with it is that one day there came to the temple to sacrifice a matron belonging to one of the first families, but who had married a distinguished soldier who sprang from a plebeian family. There was an objection made to her on the ground that, having married a plebeian, she became of her husband's condition and was not eligible.

"My husband," replied the lady, "overcame the enemies of Rome in three battles; he has been Consul thrice. If that does not make his wife eligible to rank with patricians, I should like to know."

Then she turned away and went home, and the next day commenced building another Temple of Chastity for the plebeians, and she located it so that the processions of matrons going to and from the two temples would have to pass each other, and history records that when the two processions met there was invariably a war of words that so increased in bitterness that they ended in actual conflicts. The chaste matrons who knew of anything unchaste on either side took these occasions to make the escapades public, and the taunting and reviling that ensued brought great scandal upon both parties and a free fight was always the result.

Finally the authorities had to interfere, for both sides knew too much of the other, and the processions were prohibited. All of which goes to show that humanity hasn't changed very much in 20 centuries. As in the old times, jealousy among women was the cause of new temples, so in our times troubles of the same kind results in the building of new churches and organizing new sewing societies. It is all the same. Jealousy tore bonnets in ancient Rome the same as it does in Kokomo, Indiana, to-day, and church rows were just as common then as now. It is all one.

The Celestial Passion.

O white and midnight skies! O starry bath!
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
Cleanse me, ye stars! from earthly soil and scathe,
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps!
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps—
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour.
O glittering host! O high celestial choir!
Silence each tone that with thy music jars—
Fill me, even as an urn, with thy white fire,
Till all I am is kindred to the stars.
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night!
So shall my days be full of heavenly light.

—*E. W. Gilder, in November Century.*

Our Story Teller.

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "Percy and the Prophet," "A Rogue's Life," etc., etc.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER III.

The next night, at the time of assembling specified in the invitations to the masked ball, Fabio was still lingering in his palace, and still allowing the black domino to lie untouched and unheeded on his dressing-table. This delay was not produced by any change in his resolution to go to the Melani Palace. His determination to be present at the ball remained unshakened; and yet, at the last moment, he lingered and lingered on, without knowing why. Some strange influence seemed to be keeping him within the walks of his lonely home. It was as if the great, empty, silent palace had almost recovered on that night the charm which it had lost when its mistress died.

He left his own apartment and went to the bed-room where his infant child lay asleep in her little crib. He sat watching her, and thinking quietly and tenderly of many past events in his life for a long time, then returned to his room. A sudden sense of loneliness came upon him after his visit to the child's bedside; but he did not attempt to raise his spirits even then by going to the ball. He descended to his study, lighted his reading-lamp, and then, opening a bureau, took from one of the drawers in it the letter which Nanina had written to him. This was not the first time that a sudden sense of his solitude had connected itself inexplicably with the remembrance of the work-girl's letter.

He read it through slowly, and when he had done kept it open in his hand. "I have youth, titles, wealth," he thought to himself, sadly — "everything that is sought after in this world. And yet if I try to think of any human being who really and truly loves me, I can remember but one—the poor, faithful girl who wrote these lines!"

Old recollections of the first day when he met with Nanina, of the first sitting she had given him in Luca Lomi's studio, of the first visit to the neat little room in the by-street, began to rise more and more vividly in his mind. Entirely absorbed by them, he sat absently drawing with pen and ink, on some sheets of letter-paper lying under his hand, lines and circles, and fragments of decorations, and vague remembrances of old ideas for statues, until the sudden sinking of the flame of his lamp awoke his attention abruptly to present things.

He looked at his watch. It was close on midnight.

This discovery at last aroused him to the necessity of immediate departure. In a few minutes he had put on his domino and mask, and was on his way to the ball.

Before he reached the Melani Palace the first part of the entertainment had come to an end. The "Toy Symphony" had been played, the grotesque dance performed amid universal laughter; and now the guests were, for the most part, fortifying themselves in the Arcadian bowers for new dances, in which all persons present were expected to take part. The Marquis Melani had, with characteristic oddity, divided his two classical refreshment-rooms into what he termed the Light and Heavy Departments. Fruit, pastry, sweetmeats, salads, and harmless drinks were included under the first head, and all the stimulating liquors and solid catables under the last. The 30 shepherdesses had been, according to the Marquis's order, equally divided at the outset of the evening between the two rooms. But as the company began to crowd more and more resoluiely in the direction of the Heavy Department, 10 of the shepherdesses attached to the Light Department were told off to assist in attending on the hungry and thirsty majority of guests who were not to be appeased by pastry and lemonade. Among the five girls who were left behind in the room for the light refreshments was Nanina. The steward soon discovered that the novelty of her situation made her really nervous, and he wisely concluded that if he trusted her where the crowd was the greatest and the noise loudest, she would not only be utterly useless, but also very much in the way of her more confident and experienced companions.

When Fabio arrived at the palace, the joval uproar in the Heavy Department was at its hight, and several gentlemen, fired by the classical costumes of the shedherdesses, were beginning to speak Latin to them with a tick utterance, and a valorous contempt for all restrictions of gender, number, and case. As soon as he could escape from the congratulations on his return to his friends, which poured on him from all sides, Fabio withdrew to seek some quiéter room. The heat, noise, and confusion had so bewildered him, after the tranquil life he had been leading for many months past, that it was quite a relief to stroll through the half-deserted dancing rooms to the opposite extremity of the great suite of apartments, and there to find himself in a second Arcadian bower, which seemed peaceful enough to deserve its name.

A few guests were in the room when he first entered it, but the distant sound of some first notes of dance-music drew them all away. After a careless look at the quaint decorations about him, he sat down on a divan near the door, and, beginning already to feel the heat and discomfort of his mask, took it off. He had not removed it more than a moment before he heard a faint cry in the direction of a long refreshment-table, behind which the five waiting-girls were standing. He started up directly, and could hardly believe his senses when he found himself face to face with Nanina.

Her checks had turned perfectly colorless. Her astonishment at seeing the young nobleman appeared to have some sensation of terror mixed with it. The waiting-woman who happened to stand by her side instinctively stretched out an arm to support her, observing that she caught at the edge of the table as Fabio hurried round to get behind it and speak to her. When he drew near her, her head dropped on her breast, and she said faintly, "I never knew you were at Pisa; I never thought you would be here. Oh, I am true to what I said in my letter, although I seem so false to it!"

"I want to speak to about the letter—to tell you how carefully I have kept it, how often I have read it," said Febio.

She turned away her head, and tried hard to repress the tears that would force their way into her eyes.

"We should never have met—never, never have met again!"

Before Fabio could reply, the waiting-woman by Nanina's side interposed.

"For Heaven's sake, don't stop speaking to her here!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "If the steward or one of the upper servants was to come in, you would get her into a dreadful trouble. Wait till to-morrow, and find some fitter place than this."

Fabio felt the justice of the reproof immediately. He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote on it:

"I must tell you how I honor and thank you for that letter. To-morrow—10 o'clock—the wicket-gate at the back of the Ascoli gardens. Believe in my truth and honor, Nanina, for I believe implicitly in yours."

Having written these lines, he took from among his bunch of watch seals a little key, wrapped it up in the note, and pressed it into her hand. In spite of himself his fingers lingered round hers, and he was on the point of speaking to her again when he saw the waiting-woman's hand, which was just raised to motion him away, suddenly drop. Her color changed at the same moment, and she looked fixedly across the table.

He turned round immediately, and saw a masked woman standing alone in the in the room, dressed entirely in yellow from head to foot. She had a yellow hood, a yellow half-mask with fringe hanging down over her mouth, and a yellow domino, cut at the sleeves and edges into long flame-shaped points, which waved backward and forward tremulously in the light air wafted through the doorway. The woman's black eyes seemed to gleam with an evil brightness through the side-holes of the mask, and the tawny fringe hanging before her mouth fluttered slowly with every breath she drew. Without a word or a gesture she stood before the table, and her gleaming eyes fived steadily on Fabio the instant he confronted her. A sudden chill struck through him as he observed that the yellow of the stranger's domino and mask was precisely the same shade as the yellow of the hangings and furniture which his wife had chosen after their marriage for the decoration of her favorite sitting-room.

"The Yellow Mask!" whispered the waiting-girls nervously, crowding together behind the table. "The Yellow Mask again!"

"Make her speak!"

"Ask her to have something!"

"This gentleman will ask her. Speak to her, sir. Do speak to her! She glides about in that fearful yellow dress like a ghost.

Fabio looked around mechanically at the girl who was whispering to him. He saw at the same time that Nanina still kept her head turned away, and that she had her handkerchief at her eyes. She was evidently struggling yet with the agitation produced by their unexpected meeting, and was, most probably for that reason, the only person in the room not conscious of the presence of the Yellow Mask.

"Speak to her, sir. Do speak to her!" whisperer two of the waiting-girls together.

Fabio turned again toward the table The black eyes were still gleaming at him from behind the tawny yellow of the mask. He nodded to the girls who had just spoken, cast one farewell look at Nanina, and moved down the room to get round to the side of the table at which the Yellow Mask was standing. Step by step as he moved the bright eyes followed him. Steadily and more steadily their evil light seemed to shine through and through him, as he turned the corner of the table, and approached the still, spectral figure.

He came close up to the woman, but she never moved; her eyes never wavered for an instant. He stopped and tried to speak; but the chill struck him again. An over-powering dread, an unutterable loathing seized on him; all sense of outer things—the whispering of the waiting-girls behind the table, the gentle cadence of the dance-music, the distant hum of joyous talk—suddenly left him. He turned away shuddering, and quitted the room.

Following the sound of the music, and desiring before all things now to join the crowd wherever it was largest, he was stopped in one of the smaller apartments by a gentleman who had just risen from the card-table, and who held out his hand with the cordiality of an old friend.

"Welcome back to the world, Count Fabio!" he began, gayly; then suddenly checked himself. "Why, you look pale, and your hands feels cold. Not ill, I hope?"

"No, no. I have been rather startled—I can't say why—by a very strangely-dressed woman, who fairly stared me out of countenance."

"You don't mean the Yellow Mask?"

"Yes, I do. Have you seen her?"

"Everybody has seen her; but nobody can make her unmask, or get her to speak. Our host has not the slightest notion who she is; and our hostess is horribly frightened at her. For my part, I think she has given us quite enough of her mystery and grim dress; and if my name, instead of being nothing but plain Andrea d'Arbino, was Marquis Melani, I would say to her, 'Madam, we are to laugh and amuse ourselves; suppose you open your lips, and charm us by appearing in a prettier dress!'"

During this conversation they had sat down together, with their backs toward the door, by the side of one of the card-tables. While D'Arbino was speaking, Fabio suddenly felt himself shuddering again, and became conscious of a sound of low breathing behiud him.

He turned round instantly, and there, standing between them, and peering down at them, was the Yellow Mask!

Fabio started up, and his friend followed his example. Again the gleaming blac k eyes rested steadily on the young nobleman's face, and again their look chilled him to the heart.

"Yellow Lady, do you know my friend?" exclaimed D'Arbino, with mock solemnity.

There was no answer. The fatal eyes never moved from Fabio's face.

"Yellow Lady," continued the other, "listen to the music. Will you dance with me."

The eyes looked away, and the figure glided slowly from the room.

"My dear Count," said D'Arbino, "that woman seems to have quite an effect on you. I declare she has left you paler than ever. Come into the supper-room with me, and have some wine; you really look as if you wanted it."

They went at once to the large refreshment-room. Nearly all the guests had by this time begun to dance again. They had the whole apartment, therefore, almost entirely to themselves.

Among the decorations of the room, which was not strictly in accordance with genuine Arcadian simplicity, was a large looking-glass, placed over a well furnished side-board. D'Arbino led Fabio in this direction, exchanging greetings as he advanced with a gentleman who stood near the glass looking into it, and carelessly fanning himself with his mask.

"My dear friend!" cried D'Arbino, "you are the very man to lead us straight to the best bottle of wine in the palace. Count Fabio, let me present to you my intimate and good friend, the Cavaliere Finello, with whose family I know you are well acquainted. Finello, the Count is a little out of spirits, and I have prescribed a good dose of wine. I see a whole row of bottles at your side, and I leave it to you to apply the remedy. Glasses three! three glasses, my lovely shepherdess with the black eyes—the three largest you have got,"

The glasses were brought; the Cavaliere Finello chose a particular bottle, and filled them, All three gentlemen turned round to the sideboard to use it as a table, and thus necessarily faced the looking-glass.

"Now let us drink the toasts of toasts," said D'Arbino, "Finello, Count Fabio—the ladies of Pisa!"

Fabio raised the wine to his lips, and was on the point of drinking it, when he saw reflected in the glass the figure of the Yellow Mask. The glittering eyes were again fixed on him, and the yellow-hooded head bowed slowly, as if in acknowledgment of the toast he was about to drink. For the third time the strange chill seized him, and he sat down his glass of wine untasted.

"What is the matter?" asked D'Arbino.

"Have you any dislike, Count, to that particular wine?" inquired the Cavaliere.

"The Yellow Mask!" whispered Fabio.

"The Yellow Mask again!"

They all three turned round directly toward the door. But it was too late—the figure had disappeared.

"Does any one know who this Yellow Mask is?" asked Finello. "One may guess by the walk that the figure is a woman's. Perhaps it may be that the strange color she has chosen for her dress, or perhaps her stealthy way of moving from room to room; but there is certainly something mysterious and startling about her."

"Startling enough, as the count would tell you," said D'Arbino. "The Yellow Mask has been responsible for his loss of spirits and change of complexion, and now she has prevented him even from drinking his wine."

"I can't account for it," said Fabio looking round him uneasily; "but this is the third room into which she has followed me—the third time she has seemed to fix her eyes on me alone. I suppose my nerves are hardly in a fit state yet for masked balls and adventurers; the sight of her seems to chill me. Who can she be?"

"If she followed me a fourth time," said Finello, "I should insist on her unmasking."

"And suppose she refused?" asked his friends.

"Then I should take her mask off for her."

"It is impossible to do that with a woman," said Fabio. "I prefer trying to lose her in the crowd. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I leave you to finish the wine, and then meet me, if you like, in the great ball room."

He retired as he spoke, put on his mask, and joined the dancers immediately, taking care to keep always in the most crowded corner of the apartment. For some time this plan of action proved successful, and he saw no more of the mysterious yellow domino. Ere long, however, some new dances were arranged, in which the great majority of the persons in the ball-room took part; the figures resembling the old English dances in this respect, that the ladies and gentlemen were placed in long rows opposite to each other. The sets consists of about 20 couples each, placed sometimes across, and sometimes along the apartment; and the spectators were all required to move away on either side, and range themselves close to the walls. As Fabio among others complied with this necessity, he looked down a row of dancers waiting during the performance of the orchestral prelude; and there, watching him again, from the opposite end of the lane formed by the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other, he saw the Yellow Mask. He move abruptedly back toward another row of dancers, placed at right angles to the first row; and there again, at the opposite end of the gaylane of brightly-dressed figures, was the Yellow Mask. He slipped into the middle of the room, but it was only to find her occupying his former position near the wall, and still, in spite of his disguise, watching him through row after row of dancers. The persecution began to grow intolerable; he felt a kind of angry curiosity mingling now with the vague dread that had hitherto oppressed him. Finello's advice recurred to his memory; and he determined to make the woman unmask at all hazards. With this intention he returned to the supper room in which he had left his friends.

They were gone, probably to the ball room to look for him. Plenty of wine was still left on the sideboard, and he poured himself out a glass. Finding that his hand trembled as he did so, he drank several more glasses in quick succession, to nerve himself for the approaching encounter with the Yellow Mask. While he was drinking he expected every moment to see her in the looking glass again; but she never appeared—and yet he felt almost certain that he had detected her gliding out after him when he left the ball-room.

He thought it possible that she might be waiting for him in one of the smaller apartments, and, taking off his mask, walked through several of them without meeting her, until he came to the door of the refreshment-room in which Nanina and he had recognized each other. The waiting-woman behind the table, who had first spoken to him, caught sight of him now, and ran round to the door.

"Don't come in and speak to Nanina again," she said, mistaking the purpose which had brought him to the door. "What with frightening her first, and making her cry afterward, you have rendered her quite unfit for work. The steward is in there at this moment, very good-natured, but not very sober. He says she is pale and red-eyed, and not fit to be a shepherdess any longer, and that, as she will not be missed now, she may go home if she likes. We have got her an old cloak, and she is going to try and slip through the rooms unobserved, to get downstairs and change her dress. Don't speak to her, pray, or you will only make her cry again; and what is worse, make the steward fancy——"

She stopped at the last word, and pointed suddenly over Fabio's shoulder.

"The Yellow Mask!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, sir, draw her away into the ball-room, and give Nanina a chance of getting out!"

Fabio turned directly, and approached the Mask, who, as they looked at each other, slowly retreated before him. The waiting-woman, seeing the yellow figure retire, hastened back to Nanina in the refreshment-room.

Slowly the masked woman retreated from one apartment to another, till she entered a corridor brightly lighted up and beautifully ornamented with flowers. On the right hand this corridor led to the ball-room; on the left to ante-chamber at the head of the palace staircase. The Yellow Mask went on a few paces forward the left, then stopped. The bright eyes fixed themselves as before on Fabio's face, but only for a moment. He heard a light step behind him, and then saw the eyes move. Following the direction they took, he turned round and discovered Nanina, wrapped up in the old cloak which was to enable her to get downstairs unobserved.

"Oh! how can I get out? how can I get out?" cried the girl, shrinking back affrightedly as she saw the Yellow Mask.

"That way," said Fabio, pointing in the direction of the ball room. "Nobody will notice you in the cloak; it will only be thought some new disguise." He took her arm as he spoke, to reassure her, and continued in a whisper: "Don't forget to-morrow."

At the same moment he felt a hand laid on him. It was the hand of the masked woman, and it put him back from Nanina.

In spite of himself, he trembled at her touch, but still retained presence of mind enough to sign to the girl to make her escape. With a look of eager inquiry in the direction of the Mask, and a half-suppressed exclamation of terror, she obeyed him, and hastened away toward the ball-room.

"We are alone," said Fabio, confronting the gleaming black eyes, and reaching out his hand resolutely toward the Yellow Mask. "Tell me who you are, and why you follow me, or I will uncover your face and solve the mystery for myself."

The woman pushed his hand aside, and drew back a few paces, but never spoke a word. He followed her. There was not an instant to be lost, for just then the sound of footsteps hastily approahing the corridor became audible.

"Now or never," he whispered to himself, and snatched at the mask.

His arm was again thrust aside; but this time the woman raised her disengaged hand at the same moment, and removed the yellow mask.

The lamps shed their soft light full on her face.

It was the face of his dead wife.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written expressly for the Blade.

Jethro Throop's Night Thoughts.

No. 6.

SCENE—The room of the young man—The young man in bed—Scattered about the room in wild confusion, coat, pantaloons, vest, necktie, hat, etc., as though undressing had been performed in a laborious and uncertain manner. TIME—Sunday night, 11:30—JETHRO SOLUS.

Drunkenness — Sabbath-breaking — gambling!—three vices acquired in six weeks—two weeks to a vice. If it goes on at this rate, I suppose that in six weeks more I shall have accomplished embezzlement, forgery and theft, and, in six more, highway robbery, arson and murder. I was told that New York was a fast place—in one direction, my progress has been sufficiently rapid, I am sure.

Why couldn't I have stopped where I was this morning? God knows it was bad enough, but it was nothing compared with the situation now. I owed Mrs. Moss for board, $30; Jack Armsby (borrowed money), $8; the cigar-store around the corner, $4.50; livery, $12; besides small sums to the boys in the store. I was under about $60 in all—ten dollars a week more than my salary.

And the worst of it is, they all want their money now. Jack has sent me three notes, demanding his; the cigarman, whose place I pass twice a day, sands at his door regularly as I pass, looking at me with imploring eyes; and yesterday morning, he had in his doorway his three children, all of them poorly dressed and with sore eyes, with a view, doubtless, of impressing me with his necessities. I can't endure that again, though I shall have to walk a square out of my way to avoid it.

This morning, Jack, Jim Mason, and John Adams called—as they always do Sunday mornings—and invited me to "go out" with them. I went out, and got out so far that the Lord only knows how and when I will get back.

Jack had cigars in his pocket, and we lighted, each one, and went out, pulling up in 20 minutes, of course, in a saloon on a side-street. We took possession of a half-private room in the rear, and Jim Mason ordered drinks. Then John Adams ordered drinks, and then I ordered drinks. I wasn't intoxicated exactly; but after the first one I felt as though I owned the east side of the city, and was receiving rents therefor; the second one gave me the west side; and the third made me the sole proprietor, in fee simple, of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and all the suburban villages. At that particular time, I wouldn't have exchanged places with A. T. Stewart; and had Dimity & Crash offered me an interest in the house, I should have laughed them to scorn. What a pity it is that the wealth so produces evaporates so quickly!

Jack proposed a game at cards, and I hailed the proposition with delight. I learned to play seven up and euchre in the hay-mow at home, as I learned to smoke surreptitiously. What are merely amusements in the country become vices in the city, and small vices in the country grow to wonderful size in the city. City life is moral guano—it develops the good and bad in us rapidly, and as the bad is always fairly started when we arrive, that grows the fastest under its influence. We played seven-up, each man for himself, ten-cent stakes, and I won the most of the time. I had $8, my week's pay, in my pocket when we commenced, and in less than an hour that $8 had grown to $11. Luck was with me. I held the good cards regularly, and had my friends had nerve enough to have continued, I should have won money enough to have let me out of my difficulties. For the first time in my life, I felt a desire to get money without earning it.

But Jim Mason had lost all he thought he could afford. Jack backed down, and then John Adams would play no more. O, that I had quit too! But I didn't.

At this point (I was shuffling the cards idly) a gentlemanly looking man with a very black mustache, an immense watch chain, and a particularly white hat with a weed on it, who had sauntered in, remarked that he would like to play a game or two with me. He was not accustomed to play, but he felt an inclination to lose a few dollars for the sake of amusement. I had just taken another inspiration, and really felt a throb of pity for the man who was rushing so blindly to his doom, but I smothered it and waved him relentlessly to a seat. Jack told me, after it was over, that at that time my hat was hanging on the back of my head, my front hair was hanging over my forehead, and that my cigar had gone out, and I had the burned end in my mouth. The bar-man had left his place in the bar, and leaning against a pillar was an apparently amused spectator. I noticed a half smile on his face, which at the time I supposed was a smile of commiseration and pity for the stranger. At all events, I so interpreted it, and winked a knowing wink at him, which he returned.

I won the first game, and generously said to my antagonist that he was under no obligation to continue—that I would prefer to have him pause in his mad career, as I had no disposition to ruin him. He remarked that he had no friends to mourn for him, and he rathered guessed he would go on a while anyway. The next game I won, and the next, whereupon my antagonist insisted upon doubling the stakes. "Quadruple them!" said I, to which he assented.

Fortune changed front. He won at least half the time, when I dealt the cards and every time when he dealt them. My $11 were soon gone, and I borrowed all that Jack Armsby had, which immediately went in search of mine. Then John Adams lent me his and Jim Mason his.

* * * * * * *

I owed $60 this morning. I owe that same $60 now, and added thereto is $36 that I borrowed of my friends. My week's wages are gone, and my last week's board is not paid.

I can't get any money from home, for father has a note to pay this Fall on the ten-acre lot he bought in the Spring, and besides I wouldn't dare to ask him. He expected that I would be able to help him out of my salary; for in Millbank $8 a week is an immense thing. I must save. I must stop this way

pin and ring, patent-leather boots, and all that, didn't he?"

"Certainly."

"And he talked largely of his 'prospects,' of the 'society' he moved in, of boarding at the Fifth Avenue, didn't he?"

"Certainly."

"Such fellows do those things in the country. Jetro, for those clothes, a tailor mourns to-day, and refuseth to be comforted, for his dollars are not. The little villain has never paid for a stitch of them. That diamond-pin which captivated your inexperienced eye can be duplicated at a thousand places in the city for a dollar, and the ring likewise, and the watch is as near honest as—Jack is. He boards at just such a house as you do. He never ate a meal in the Fifth Avenue, and never pays his board till he is compelled to—in fact, his landlady comes here after him frequently, and gets what he owes her out of him by threatening to go to Smith or Sellum with his bill. Society! why—well I guess he has shown you all the society he moves in. The impudent puppy! Why, it would be just like him to boast—in the country, of course—that he could marry Sellum's daughter, if he wanted to!"

"He did mention to me, in the course of a conversation, that a daughter of Mr. Sellum looked favorably upon him, and that Mr. Sellum was anxious to consummate an alliance, with a view of purchasing the interests of the other partners, and keeping the business in the family, but that——"

I did not conclude the statement, for Perkins laughed till he was blue in the face:

"My dear fellow," said he "Sellum is supposed to be worth a million, and Mary Sellum is to-day in entire and absolute ignorance that any such man as Jack Armsby exists. It would be as much as his neck is worth to look at her; and were I malicious enough to repeat the yarn of what you have said to me, the young man would be hunting a place in Montana. I knew he was a fearful little liar and an awful swell, but I didn't suppose his imagination was big enough for such a fight. But his clothes, his pin and cimin, and partnership, and so on, filled you with New York, and after seeing him and hearing him, you never rested till you got a situation here?"

"Yes."

"And since you have been here, you have gone out Sundays with Armsby, Jim Mason, John Adams, and that set?"

I groaned an assent.

"Did you notice that they spent any money—that is, much money?"

I was compelled to admit that I was not in condition to know how much money they spent, but that I could swear that my expenditures were sufficiently large.

"And, Jethro, did you gamble any with them? And was there a heavy-mustached fellow loafing around, who played with you after you had taken a drink or two too much and got reckless—who cleaned you out of what you had by you and all you could borrow of your friends; and then did Armsby and the rest of the pack hound you for what they lent you and——"

"Of course they did," I shrieked. "But what has all this to do with Armsby, and what connection has it with what I desired to know?"

"Oh! nothing, only of late, Jack has more money than he formerly had. Bless you, Jethro, I went through all this. There were Jack Armsby and Jethro Tiroons ten years ago. Let me advise you——"

I wonder what he would have said to me if he hadn't been called away as he was? Can it be that Jack Armsby was in partnership with that fellow who won my money? It is possible that all he told me in Millburg was moonshine? I can hardly believe it, and yet I know Perkins is a steady and truthful young man. He seemed to know precisely what I have gone through with. I may be mistaken though, and may be judging Armsby too harshly. Is he a thief or isn't he? I know I'm an ass, but the question is, is he a thief, and Jack, and swindler?

[And revolving this conundrum in his mind, Jethro fell asleep.]

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 19.

PRIMITIVE SCHOOLS.

The first school houses of the frontier settlements would be rare curiosities now. They were all alike wherever found. They might rightfully be called log pens. They were built of round logs, cabined and daubed, an l roofed with clapboards. The floors were laid with puncheons hewed on the upper side. The benches were puncheons, with rough legs bored in with an inch and a half or two inch auger. Light was admitted through oiled paper windows. A window was one log cut out from end to end. The fireplace was in one end, and nearly the width of the house. A school house was built by associated labor, and sometimes "from the stump" in one day.

There were no school laws, nor school funds; nor were there any school directors. They were made up on the basis of a special contract between the teacher "of the first part" and the individual subscribers "of the second part." Between each subscriber and the teacher there was a separate contract. The subscribers were not jointly bound. The subscribers were styled the "employers." There were no examiners, nor tests of qualification to teach. Schools were never taught more than three months in the year, with the exception of occasionally a Summer school for small children, generally taught by girls. The principal school of three months was taught in the Winter, beginning usually in November

When a school was to be made up, the teacher drew his "Article of Agreement," and in person presented it to every family living within a reasonable distance. The subscribers wrote their names, and put down in figures opposite, as many scholars as they proposed to send; thus, one, two, three, four, and so on, according to the size the family. The price was from $2 to $3 per scholar; and the subscriber was bound to pay, whether he sent all, or part, or more. In the scarcity of money, a great many articles of trade were receivable; and if the teacher were a man of family, the schooling was sometimes paid in work.

Reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, were taught. The reading books were such miscellaneous volumes as each family had about the house, such as the English Reader, Introduction to the English Reader, Sequel to the English Reader, Preceptor, Columbian Orator, Weem's Life of Washington and Marion, and the Bible and Testament, Webster's and Dillon's spelling book, and small primers, were in all the schools. The most common Arithmetic was Steven Pike's. Grammar was not taught, except the table of words of the same sound, but different in spelling and signification, in the latter part of Webster's spelling book, which was called "The Grammar." There was therefore very little classification in reading, except the Bible and Testament classes. Or, if there were two or more scholars who had the same books, they read their lessons in classes. The small children were taken, one at a time, by the teacher's knee, and taught from the A, B, C, up to the easy spelling lessons.

Careful attention was given to spelling, and night spelling schools were a universal feature of the early schools. It was an ambition with the scholars to be able to spell, off the book, every word in the spelling book; and there were those who accomplished it. Spelling matches of one school against another were very common, and this was a stimulus to ambition. Special care was also bestowed on the study of arithmetic. ("Cyphering" it was called.) To "cypher" as far as the single rule of three was an achievement. But the working out of difficult sums, which was an ambition, developed some mathematical minds that would astonish the pupils of the better schools of to-day. The writing was done on plain, unruled foolscap, of coarse texture. The scholars furnished their own rulers and pencils, and made the lines themselves, which also educated them mechanically. It was a part of the master's duty to set the copies for all the scholars, and to make and mend their pens. The goose quill was the universal pen; no other kind was known. Mechanical writing was carried to a fine degree of perfection in those primitive schools. I have seen better writers from those rudimental schools than I have ever seen since. The ink was made of the ooze of maple or oak bark, and copperas.

The discipline of those schools was rigid, as was also the family government in those times. The teacher's authority was absolute, and in which he had the co-operation of parents. It was markedly in contrast with the universal laxity of these modern times. If scholars carried complaints to their parents, the chances were that they were chastised and sent back. The rod was freely used, and the ferule. The ferule was a flat piece of wood a foot or more in length, and was used by delivering one or more sharp whacks on the palm of the open hand, sometimes to the force of raising blisters. But delinquents were not punished without sufficient cause. There were also milder forms of punishment, such as the dunce's cap, and the dunce's stool, which were often more humiliating than the rod or ferule.

In many schools a scholar was appointed each morning to pass around and inspect the hands, each scholar was required to hold out their hands. If any were reported dirty, the party was at once sent to the branch to wash. A refusal to exhibit the hands was punishable. In some schools known to the writer, the inspector had the right to spit on dirty hands. The inspector was responsible for the honest performance of his mission, and was punished for delinquency or false presentation. If he, or she, took the liberty to spit on any one's hands, which was optional, there was no appeal.

Good manners was a cardinal rule in the frontier schools, and was always rigedly enforced. In most of the schools the girls were required, on entering the door in the morning, to make their courtesy, and the boys their bow, with uncovered head; and the same on going out in the evening, whether the teachers were in or not; and all were required to go directly home and not loiter by the way. On the way to and from school, when scholars were met by grown persons, they were required to make their obedience, which consisted of the courtesy by the girls and bow by the boys, and they were never to speak unless spoken to, unless the person met were a relative or a special familiar. A violation of any of these requirements, if reported and proved, was punished in school. From the first to the last day of the school term the scholars were under the master, and were held to account for bad conduct away from the school house. Such a thing as a school master being prosecuted, or otherwise abused for whipping scholars in the early history of the country, was never known. And it is not saying too much, I am sure, to affirm, that that era produced a far better class of citizens than the present is likely to do.

The "play time" was an hour at noon. This was mostly spent by the large boys on games of ball. The particular games of ball were, cat ball, corner ball or "ball pen," town ball and anting over. Cat ball was played by four with ins and outs. The ins had the paddle. Town and corner ball were played by any number, with also ins and outs, the ins always being the party that had the ball. The present base ball is the old town ball revised, but with no material change of principle. There were also other sports at play-time—such as running, jumping, hopping, wrestling, base, and pitching quoits—in all of which the master frequently joined the boys with a hearty zest. The signal for taking up school, when the hour was up, was "Books," "Books," "Books," in a loud voice from the school house door, at which play of all kind was instantly suspended, and a rush made for the houses.

Barring out the master was a practice all through the Western country, up till as late as 1840. It may be practiced now in some remote sections, occasionally. It was intended for sport—for a Christmas frolic. Its origin is probably unknown at this day. The purpose of the boys was to obtain from the master (master was always used in the early days; teacher never was) some treat of some kind, and usually a holiday; but the principal point in view was fun. The custom had the sanction of a large majority of parents, and therefore there was seldom any opposition offered. The master, though at all times having reason to expect it, was nevertheless kept in the dark as to the time, so that, usually, the first intimation he had was when he came to school in the morning and found the door barred on the inside, and a dozen or two of the boys, big and little, behind it. The first thing was the presentation of a written article for him to sign, in which was specified the terms upon which the boys would open the door. If he signed it, the matter was settled; if not, the siege began, and kept up for an indefinite length of time, or at least until the fun was all extracted; but in the end the boys, with rare exceptions, carried the day. It was very little use for the master to get angry, and resist, for the boys always had the parents on their side. The teacher knowing this, generally yielded, after tormenting the scholars to his own satisfaction. But instances occurred where the master was ducked in a pond or creek, before he gave in. I cannot take space to write the ludicrous scenes I have witnessed in barring out the master, but will speak briefly of one occasion.

The master was a stout, athletic bachelor. The boys carried him to the bank of a deep hole in the creek, to duck him, and had proceeded so far as to cut out a wide gap in the ice. He kept them in parley a good while, on the brink, they or their part hesitating, for the day was bitter cold. At last, by manuvering, he got them in position, and with a dash, pun ed four of the boys headlong into three feet of water, and then took to his heels and ran away. The next morning he treat was on hand.

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

The Church of England has appointed a Bishop for Japan.

The Week of Prayer for 1884 will be from January 6 to January 15.

Paris has about 100 Swedenborgians among its religious population.

Connecticut has 297 Congregational meeting houses, with 54,603 members.

The Baptists in Burmah have between 400 and 500 churches and nearly 25,000 members.

Pere Hyacinthe's deacons say "Thank you" to those who contribute as they pass the plate around.

The number of theological students in the Congregational seminaries is now 52 less than it was five years ago.

The Indiana Sunday-School Association reports 464 schools, with 20,579 members; nearly double the number reported last year.

A Bird Alights on a Bride's Shoulder.

Lake Geneva (Wis.) Letter.

An incident worthy of note occurred here to-day during the nuptial ceremonies, at the Catholic Church, of Mr. James Knowles, a policeman, and Miss Maggie Brennan, of this place. When the bride and groom had taken their places, and the groomsman and bridesmaid were taking their position, a bird flew into the church and alighted upon the head of the bridesmaid, Miss Mary Brennan, a sister of the bride. The bird then flew to another part of the church, and, fluttering a moment above the head of Mrs. Brennan, mother of the bride, rested upon her head; then, flying, it settled upon the shoulder of the bride, and remained there during the ceremony, and then took its flight through the open window. Whatever the mission of the uninvited feathery guest, or whether it had a mission, or what omens, good or ill, the incident is true and vouched for by scores who saw it.

Maryland to the Front.

The Hon. Oden Bowie, Ex-Governor of Maryland, President of the Baltimore City Passenger Railway Co., also President of the Maryland Jockey Club, says: "Both in my family, and in my private stables, as those of the City Passenger Railway Co., I have for several years used St. Jacobs Oil most satisfactorily." Such a statement ought to convince every reader of this paper.

Humor.

Old Mrs. Grimes.

Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead."

Old Mrs. Grimes is dead.—Alas!
We ne'er shall see her more;
She was the wife of good old Grimes,
Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,
Since she gave up her breath;
Her head was white with frosts of time,
She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet
Ever walked where duty led;
And never wore a pair of shoes,
Except when out of bed.

Busy she was from morn to night,
Spite of old Time's advances;
Although her husband left her here
In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,
She'll rest through endless ages;
Her sun has set; her work is done,
She's gone to claim her wages.
—*November Century.*

Wanted to Compromise.

San Francisco Post.

They had a church fair over in Oakland the other evening, which was held just opposite the residence of a boss old bachelor, the richest man on the street. As the receipts were rather thin on account of the numerous wrestling matches occuring recently, the managers secured the services of a local band to enliven up matters. The band consisted of nine pieces and a substitute, the latter to play the big drum when the regular nine went out after beer. They were only half way through their first rendition of "Nelly Bly" in four flats, when a fearful outcry was heard across the way, and on repairing to the door the fair committee—or, to be more exact, the committee of the fair—beheld the aforementioned capitalist leaning out of his window in his night-gown, and swearing in a manner that made the Sunday-school teachers shudder to hear.

"What do you people mean by this infernal racket?" roared the exasperated man.

"Why—this—this is a fair," explained the lady who ran the grab bag.

"Oh! it is?" sneered the disturbed party. "You call it *fair* to rob people of their natural rest by this pandemonium, do you? What's the admission to this shortberry strawcake outrage, anyway? How much to come in and be swindled, eh?"

"The tickets are two bits," said the treasuress, loftily.

"Very well, now talk quick, for I haven't got my stockings on and this is business. Let's see if there is any way of compromising this thing. How much have you taken in so far?"

"Six dollars and six bits, and the Skowberry family haven't come yet, either," said the treasuress.

"And how much longer does your fraud on the public run?" asked the party at the window.

"Three evenings."

"Very good, that makes about $40—call it $59 in round numbers. Send round in the morning and I'll give you a check for the amount. I'll make it $75 if you shut up shop in 10 minutes. Take it or leave it! Going at 75, at sev——"

"Sold!" screamed the committee, and the old objector to innocent amusement slammed down the window and returned to bed.

After which the trombones were carefully corked up and the congregation dispersed.

They Sized Him Up.

Philadelphia Call.

When Mrs. Sheddy Smith was in Paris last Summer, she heard a group of fashionable Parisian ladies talking about the Prince de Galles.

"Of whom are they speakin?" she asked of her friend, Miss Montchessington, whose knowledge of French was better than hers.

"Of Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales," was the reply.

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Sheddy Smith; "these French people have a remarkably plain way of speaking. The Prince of Gals, indeed! They've sized him up exactly!"

Agriculture in Wall Street.

Hartford Post.

"They must have a good deal to do with agriculture in Wall street," remarked Mrs. Shuttle, as she laid down the paper. "I see they have been shearing lambs there. Poor things! Just as it is coming on Winter." "Oh, my dear, you are mistaken. "It isn't lambs that they shear; not real, genuine lambs. You see, if I go into Wall street with a little money, I get crushed between the bulls and the bears and lose my money; then I'm a lamb." "How much did you lose?" "You'll realize that better when you want your new Winter rigging."

She Couldn't See It.

Someone asked a practical joker the other night, whether he ever saw a sardine box? No, he never had. He saw Sullivan and Slade box, but had never seen a sardine put up his dukes. He went home laughing, and said to his wife, "Mary, did you ever see a sardine spar?" "Ever see what?" said the wife with great gravity. "Why, Mary, how stupid. Can't you see the point to a joke?" And he went to bed laughing and calling his wife old Stupidity.

In the Nursery.

New York Journal.

Say, ma!
Well, Georgie, what is it?
What am I made of?
Oh, you're made of dirt.
Dirt, ma?
Yes, dear.
Say, ma!
Well, child?
What street did they scrape me off of?

What Ailed Her.

Life.

A tear-drop hung like a pearl
On the fringe of her drooping lid,
And I kissed her, my ownsweet girl,
While her tan her deep blushes hid.

"Why so sorrowful, dear? If you knew
"How I love you!"—I gasp with a sigh.
"Oh, you goose, I'm not weeping for you,
Quoth the maid: "I have sand in my eye!"

Forbidden Sweets.

Texas Siftings.

"What can I do for you, my little man?" she asked.

"I dunno," said Sam. "Mamma told me not to ask for cake or pie; as I did last time, and I'm sorter at a loss to know what to ask for, for I don't know what else ye've got in yer pantry, anyhow, but I can put up with most anything that's handy."

An Improbable Tale.

Norristown Herald.

It is said that most of the stories in circulation about the railroad restaurant sandwich are untrue. There is at least one, we must admit, that wears an air of improbability. It tells how a commercial traveller accumulated enough of these imperishable edibles to build a cottage, the walls of which are pronounced more durable than granite.

"A Woman's Reason."

Merchant Traveller.

Tell me, maiden, why you love me:
Is it for my house and gold,
Is it for my manly vigor,
For my carriage, free and bold,
For the heart I give you truly?
Sweetest maid that ever was,
Tell me tell me, why you love me,
And she answered, "Cause."

Church and Show.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"War yer gwine wid dat man?" asked a negro of his daughter. "He ain't fitten ter 'comp'ny yer." "Gwine ter do show," the girl replied. "Dat's all right. Tho' yer was gwine ter church, A 'owam ken go wid mos' any man ter a show, but she's got ter be mighty pertic'ler who goes ter church wid her."

After Marriage.

Wife—"What are you doing, dear?"
Husband, in a reflective attitude—"Thinking."
Wife—"Are you thinking of your little wifey, love?"
Husband—"No. I was thinking of something."

WALTERBORO, S. C.—Col. A. L. Campbell, says: "A member of my family used Brown's Iron Bitters with good results."

Miscellany.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

The Experiences of One Typical Day—Abundant Forage—Tearing Up the Railroad—Astonishment of the Negros—The "General"—"Mines"—Going Into Camp.

At the recent re-union of the Army of the Tennessee at Cleveland, Maj.-Gen. John W. Fuller, who commanded a division in that army, was one of the orators, and made a brilliant little speech, which has been much praised. We present an extract from it:

We are on the march from Atlanta to the sea. The morning's *reveille* finds us all refreshed, and, thanks to the energy and pluck of our foragers, the bummers, we sit down to a breakfast good enough for a King. We break camp just as the sun's first rays are touching all nature with beauty, and when the head of the column has marched an hour, we halt and "stack arms," to go into the railroad business. Our men tear up the the track, make huge bonfires of the ties, heat the rails to a bright red, and twist them into symmetrical corkscrews, or wind them around trees, till they resemble huge fiery serpents. They have become proficient in this, and do it with a zest, inspired with the idea that every time they twist a rail they make the President of the Confederacy squirm in his seat at Richmond. When that portion of the railroad allotted to our Division has been thoroly destroyed we "take arms," and, joining our batteries near by, all move with a swinging gait along the common road.

From Massa's house, which stands some distance from the highway, down come the wondering darkies to see us pass. Down they come—little and big, old and young, male and female—all starting at once, and as they climb the high fence and all perch themselves on the topmost rails, like a row of blackbirds, they present as comical, as grotesque a picture as one could wish to see. As the various regiments and batteries march by, a running fire of fun opens between our men in the road and the darkies on the fence. One of our men says: "Hello, boys, this is a review," and pointing to one old darkie who sits perched on a projecting corner of the fence, at about the middle of the long, black line, he says, "there is the reviewing officer," and immediately dubs him "General." A comrade following, adds, "Well, he must rank all our Generals, for even Uncle Billy never had such a gay and festive staff as that." Whenever a good joke is discharged from the ranks, the darkies all laugh like the end men in a minstrel show, and whenever a witty retort comes back from the fence, a loud guffaw goes up from the road. When the fun has gone on for half an hour or more, and the rear of our Division is coming up, our friend, the "reviewing officer," discovers that another Division is following in our wake, and he seems overcome with astonishment. Just then, too, a little darkey comes galloping on a bare-backed mule, down the lane which leads from the main road, (where we all know the 15th Corps is marching), and he tells his colored friends that another big army is marching on the west road, and the "woods is full of 'em fur miles!" This seems more than the "General" is prepared for. He is utterly astounded. He takes one more look at the Division in our rear, (which now begins to loom up grandly,) then rising in his stirups, so to speak, he swings his arms wildly, and shouts at the top of his voice, "Why, dars millions of 'em—jes millions!" and then dismounting from his —— fence, he inquires in a more subdued tone, "Is dar enybody lef up nor', whar you cum from?"

Hours thereafter, and miles further on, we notice, trudging along at the rear of one of our regiments, an old colored man whose appearance attracts our attention. He limps, but never straggles. His wool is as white as his skin is black, and he carries across his shoulder an old coffee sack, which seems to contain about a peck of old clothes or provisions, we can't tell whether it is a knapsack or a lawersack. He years to be, no doubt, as old as Methuselah, and he looms, which partially disguise his nether limbs, look as though they were on their last legs, verily.

Touched by the old man's appearance, as he shuffled along, I resolved to send back an orderly to find some place where he may ride if he is going far. One of the staff rides a few paces ahead, where he can hail him, and he cries out: "Uncle, how far are you going?" He turns his venerable face, and lo! the "reviewing officer," he whom the boys had dubbed "the General." He seems surprised that he should be asked such a question, but he, straightening himself up as well as he can, promptly responds, "*Why, I'se jined. Count me in, massa, for I'se fixed.*"

We made such a good season, for the roads have been excellent to-day, and the trains are all up. We bivouac in a lovely grove. The moon is sailing through a cloudless sky, and the evening is most glorious. The camp-fires, stretching for a mile on either hand, are blazing; the camps are all aglow; and the overreaching pines form a beautiful canopy over a scene which is both charming and picturesque. The band at headquarters plays finely while we are at supper, soon after which we light our pipes and saunter forth to enjoy the enchanting hour. In one regiment, voices, cler and rich, make splendid harmony, and the chorus following each stanza, taken up and carried by the swell of hundreds of other deep voices, is grand. In another regiment, an improvised band of flutes and guitars, violins and a French horn—yes, and a *violoncello*—is playing delightfully. As we have but one wagon to a regiment now, we wonder how these instruments have been smuggled along, and are told that the violoncello came swung up, like a hammock, in the top of an ambulance. Here they are, at all events, and in skilled hands withal, for their music fills us with delight.

Nor are we the only ones made happy, for our colored servants at the kitchen fires, reinforced by numerous recruits, keep time to their own wild music, in a grand, walk 'round dance. As we draw near, we feel loth to intrude upon them, for we discover that the occasion, if partly festive, is also religious in its character. We approach near enough, however, to see something of what is transpiring, and to hear distinctly, that

"De day ob Jubilee
Am a-comin', am a-comin'."

And then the clear notes of the bugle ring out, echoing, echoing, in every regiment, and as the sound of taptoo is floating on the night air, and the festivities are everywhere hushed, we reflect how true these black men have ever been to u s, and to our cause, and we stop a moment, and silently thank God; for their sakes, as well as ours, that it surely and quickly is, "a-comin', a-comin'."

RECENT LITERATURE.

COPPS' UNITED STATES SALARY LIST, AND CIVIL SERVICE RULES. Henry N. Copp, Washington, D. C. Price, 15 cents.

For many readers will welcome the solid information contained in the 160 pages of this recently issued book. It is prepared by Henry N. Copp, a lawyer, of Washington, D. C. All the Government salaries are given from Pres. Arthur's $50,000 to Postmasters with $500, officials of the Treasury, Interior, War and Navy Departments, Custom Houses, Postoffices, and fully 20,000 federal offices arranged by States and Territories. Specimen examination questions for admittance to the Civil Service throughout the country are added. The price of the book is only 25 cents.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

The November number comparres very favorably with its predecessors, and is replete with interesting and useful information, the illustrated portion being all that could be desired. "Agathe De Valsuzon" is continued, and there are several minor stories of an interesting nature. Among the many excellent articles may be mentioned "Luther's Ring" and "Sugar." Annie June's "How We Live in New York—Keeping a Boarding House," will be read with interest, and Mrs. Hungerford discusses in her usual pungent style, "Holiding Presents." "Home Art and Home Comfort," "The World's Progress," "Fancy Work," "Science and Fashion," and other reading matter combine to make up a November number of this capital magazine both useful and enjoyable. The illustrations are admirable, the frontispiece being a fine steel engraving of Faed's popular painting, "Tired Out."

DIO LEWIS'S MONTHLY.

The October number is the third issue of this magazine, and is fully as good as its predecessors. Among its contents are the following: "Our Rich Men," Dio Lewis; "Our Young Women," Dr. Howard Crosby; "Idol Worship in India," Amrita Lal Ray; "Sandwich Island Sketches," C. S. Tisdale, M. D.; "Weight of the Human Brain," Dio Lewis; "House Drainage," Col. Waring; "A True Story of Lake George," Lillie Devereux Blake; and "A True Ghost," Carlmath. Beside these are several health articles by Dio Lewis and a Hygienic Department that is exceedingly interesting. Published by Frank Seaman, 71 Bible House. Price, $2.50 a year.

OWENTON, KY.—Rev. J. W. Waldrop, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The inhabitants of Massachusetts are worth an average of $1,500 apiece.

In the Bombay province of India 9,483 cases of leprosy are under treatment.

A San Francisco policeman proved in court that nobody had ever seen him lie.

Overcrowded London is the great recruiting ground of the Mormon Church.

A Boston singer who has warbled for 14 years recommends raw oysters for coughs

At a game-cock main to be held in Texas this week there are 100 entries and $20,000 stakes.

Ravens have been successfully used instead of carrier pigeons at Coblentz on the Rhine.

John Quincy Adams drew $425,000 out of the Government for a period of 69 years in office. John takes the belt.

Solomon Schisgal, a youth of St. Petersburg, has invented an electric watch having two wheels and no springs.

A rather under-sized, plainly dressed, smooth-faced man with a conspicuous nose, is a correspondent's idea of Von Moltke.

William Cook, a former statesman of New York City, is now a bunko-steerer in Paris. He and Tweed were once chums.

"Fear God and take your own part" is inscribed on North Dakota's coat of arms. This entitles every citizen to a church pew and a navy six.

Some entirely new reminiscences of Charles Dickens have been written by his daughter, Miss Mamie Dickens, for the *Youth's Companion*.

W. H. Vanderbilt uses the British word "bursted." This is a great improvement over old times. The Commodore would have said "busted."

Ex-Sen. Yulee, of Florida, an ante-bellum Senator in the red-hot days, has bought a residence in Washington, near the Thomas statue.

Lynchburg, Va., has 42 incendiary fires in two months. Judge Lynch, the distinguished founder of the place, should offer his services for the occasion.

The north central portion of Spain is an elevated plateau, with an altitude of 2,500 above the sea. The only timber consists of a few poplars by the roadside.

Lewis Cohen, a Hebrew gentleman, has been exempted from serving on a coroner's jury on the ground of being the lineal descendent of Aaron, the High Priest.

Truth says that the late Dr. Begg, the leader of the Puritanical section of the Scottish people, has left his family £80,000, the fruit of successful stock gambling.

At New Orleans is a bale of raw silk grown in Louisiana, which weighs 10 pounds eight ounces, is worth $83.50, and comprises 63 skeins, making 1,260,000 yards, or over 700 miles.

The Mayor of Dallas, Tex., has proclaimed that as "everybody is drunk and getting drunker" he will close all the saloons and enable the town to reach a state of sobriety.

Fifth avenue, New York, is, without doubt, one of the richest streets in the world. The property on that famous thoroughfare, between Eighth and Eighty-second streets, is said to be worth upward of $70,000,000.

The brook purls through the meadow, and ashen skies look down on the lovely cornfield, over which circles the thieving crow. It is autumn, there is no doubt about that, and if you don't believe it, just try to take an uninterrupted walk in your old straw hat and Oxford ties.

A French painter has a comical little servant. The other day madam scolded her for being away all day. "Madam does not have," replied the ingenious soubrette, "that monsieur ordered me to go to the salon and remain all day." "What for?" "To be a crowd in front of his picture."

The term "masher," which has been regarded as a slang expression, employed by the careless for an elegant young man, has been rescued from its vulgar position by Charles Mackay, who pronounces it both appropriate and antique. It is derived from the Gaelic *maise*, pronounced *masher*, and signifies fine, handsome, and was originally applied to a dandy.

We have received a life insurance circular which informs us that by paying $6 a year for five weeks we'll get back $20,000 in six months—or rather, by paying $5 a week for 6,050 years we'll get back $20 in—that is by paying $6,000 a year for five weeks, we'll get back— We've got this thing sort of mixed. We must consult the circular again.—*Norristown Herald.*

Water is scarce in New Orleans, and in consequence, over $100,000 worth of property has been burned in less than a month. An exchange says the gutters smell so horribly only the rich can afford the luxury of a bath; washerswomen have struck; the water cart has a monopoly at high prices of drinking water, and burglaries of water are committed at night by men armed with buckets.

Gentlemen in search of picturesque wives should go to Loreto, Italy. The women are dark and lovely. They wear a jaunty costume, consisting of 16 petticoats on week days and 18 on Sundays and holidays. These petticoats are all starched and some are very richly trimmed with lace and embroidery. A colored shirt is then looped up over these balloon skirts, and a stay-bodice confines the waist to its smallest dimensions, over a spotless white chemisette.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Charles A. Dana is about to visit England.

Ex.-Sec. Blaine's new book will be issued soon.

Gen. Sherman is at work on his annual report.

Matthew Arnold is said to be vain of his looks.

Irving, the actor, is a continual cigaret smoker.

Gen. Hancock will brighten Mexico by his presence.

John C. New says he is sick and tired of public life.

Victor Hugo is bothered to death with English visitors.

Plunger Walton admits that he lost £150 in the Czarowitch race.

Col. Tom Ochiltree has swapped fish stories with Pres. Arthur.

Irving, the actor, is negotiating for an additional supply of "ifs."

Millais, the great English painter, is frank, robust and sturdy.

Prince Jerome Napoleon will not down, and threatens another manifesto.

Francis Murphy is trying to make cold-waterites of the Newark, N. J., people.

Premier Gladstone is an early riser, his usual hour for getting up being 4 o'clock.

Lord Coleridge may carry home with him the great American dyspepsia. There is no duty on it.

Mahone, of Virginia, pulls down a white vest when he is excited. He always wears a black frock coat.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's friends say that he died of a broken heart, worrying over social changes in the South.

Gen. McClellan will make his headquarters in Washington this Winter. He wants to have an eye on the White House.

Matthew Arnold's first lecture in this country will be on "Numbers." It will have no reference, however, to 4-11-44.

Surgeon-General Miles' term of office will not expire until January 20 next. Medical Director Gunnell would like to be his successor.

Mlle. Van Zandt, the American cantatrice in Paris, has attracted the attention of a lunatic who threatens to kill her. This is believed to be an advertisement.

Bill Nye, the truthful slinger of the Laramie *Boomerang*, gorged with wealth, has dropped out of the Laramie Postoffice, over which he has for a long time presided.

QUEER HAPPENINGS.

In a tornado in Mississippi, a turtle weighing 60 pounds was blown out of Pearl River, and landed in a distant cotton field.

While a marriage ceremony was being performed in a house in Bryan, Texas, thieves stole the wedding feast from the dining-room.

Far up in the spiral of a conch shell, fished up out of deep water at Jacksonville, Fla., an entire leaf of a Methodist hymn book was found.

While walking among the ruins of Caracalla's baths, in Rome, a traveller came near being killed by a stone dropped from a great hight by a crow.

"Come and see me on an important family matter," was the message sent by a lady of Berlin to all her relatives. They came in troops, and, upon arriving at the house, found her hanging by the neck, dead.

In Gowanda, N. Y., six brothers and six sisters have six children each. Not one of the 12 is less than six feet tall, and the lightest one weighs 200 pounds. There is exactly two years difference in their ages, the youngest being 44 and the oldest 66 years.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Sprague, of Rhode Island, will winter at Munich.

It is the engaging girl who becomes the soonest engaged.

The leaders of Berlin society agree to buy no more dresses in Paris.

Parisian ladies are quiet in street dress, but not so quiet at home.

The admission of women to the University of Louisiana is being agitated.

Rosa Bonheur is doing the zebra. This should encourage the jail bird to hope.

A ladies' school for wood carving and modelling is to be opened in St. Louis.

Ex-Sec. Windom made love to his present sister-in-law before he married his wife.

George Eliot's greatest novel, according to Turgenieff, was "The Mill on the Floss."

A female cornet soloist has been introduced into one of Bartley Campbell's plays.

Anna Dickinson has the honor of having taken the first mule to the top of Pike's Peak.

Mrs. Dahlgren is building a new house from the proceeds of her Washington novel.

Many a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

Ex-Senator Harlan's wife is lying seriously ill at her sister's home in Greenfield, Ind.

A monument is to be erected at Marshfield, Mas., to the memory of Adelaide Phillipps.

Among the names on the taxpayers' book in Concord is that of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the novelist.

The California lady who kisses Henry Ward Beecher says a smack is away ahead of a yacht.

Gail Hamilton is rusticating in Maine, preparatory to her annual swoop-down on the national capital.

A young girl should never eat persimmons. They pucker up the mouth so that one cannot help but accept the invitation.

The husband is called the head of the family only by those young writers who haven't had any experience in married life.

"How sensible your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "he hasn't been among company yet."

Miss Chamberlain, the American beauty, is now in Paris with her mother, and people say that she is prettier and more fascinating than ever.

Gossips have set aside a rich widow of New York as the proposed partner or Ensign Hunt, of the Navy, a son of our Minister to Russia.

The New York girls are now wearing silver hair-pins. Those who can't afford silver palm off beef bones covered with tin foil as the genuine article.

A Philadelphia girl who has been disappointed in love has grown so thin that there is now enough material in her Jersey to make her two overskirts.

A New Yorker who has $100,000 wants to marry a woman with a similar amount. Still, he can't be blamed for preferring a woman with a nice figure.

A Milwaukee girl ran away from home an hour before the time set for her marriage. Bet she had been reading the divorce cases in the papers and got scared.

An old bachelor asserts that the best and quickest way to revive a lady when she faints is to begin to take down her hair. If it ain't her own she will grab it in a jiffy.

The attempt to introduce barmaids into Italy meets with difficulty from the fact that Italians do not seem able to comprehend that women so employed can yet be respectable.

The matrons of Charleston, S. C., are annoyed to death by unreliable house servants, and are demanding that the flat system, now popular at the North, be introduced there.

Scientists now claim that a barrel of bread contains enough alcohol to intoxicate a man. At last the "lodge" story will get a rest. Only stepped into the bakery to get some bread, my dear."

M. Jules Claretie, according to the Paris *Temps*, says that it is Mme. Bernhardt's intention not only to write her memoirs, but to play, in a thrilling drama the chief incidents of her own career.

The young lady who considers it an endless piece of labor to sew on a suspender-button, goes into ecstacies of delight over, and thinks nothing of making a quilt containing 5,000 pieces of silk.

A Chicago belle sued a man for slander for saying she wore No. 19 shoes, and he will probably have to pay heavy damages, for she proved before judge and jury that she could easily get on No. 17s.

The ladies should always have consideration paid them on account of their sex, and it is no more than proper that leap year should have one extra day, to give the girls all the time they need to propose in.

Repousse work in brass is now the fashionable craze; all the young ladies are doing it. Remember this, and, when calling, don't insult the lady of the house, by asking if she has let out a portion of her residence for a boiler factory.

There is an alarming number of wild women in Philadelphia just now. You can tell they are wild by the longing, despairing look they wear while gazing at the Fall bonnets shown in the milliners' windows. They are wild because they haven't the cash to purchase them.

"No," remarked the young lady, as she touched the tips of her toes in the sea, "I don't think it a bit nice. I don't mind those young men up there on the rocks, for everybody says I look so charming in my bathing dress; but the idea of such a preposterously large bathtub! It's really quite ridiculous."

Two daughters of Abraham Keiser, maidens of 60 summers, have for 38 years lived as hermits in the mountains near Indiantown, Pa. They were crossed in love. As they fight bears and sleep with their axes handy, the old lovers should give the place a wide berth.

The mother of Joaquin Miller, a lady 60 years of age, has created a sensation at Eugene City, Oregon, by marrying a youth named Allison, who is only 22 years of age. Joaquin's younger brother bitterly opposed the match, but Mrs. Miller claimed the exercise of her own pleasure in the matter.

Lizzie Belle Stevens of Livermore, Me., a gal 13, who was frightened some time ago by finding a snake in a box of shavings, has died of the fright. She lay in a delirium for 10 weeks, raving about the snake most of the time, and then typhoid fever set in. The snake was put in the box by a smart youth to "scare the girls."

An exchange says that "young ladies of a sporting turn, whose horses and dogs stand first in their affections, will be glad to know that no English bride now starts on her wedding trip without at least two of her dumb favorites as companions." One of these is probably the "lucky dog" who marries her, and who is dumb with

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Math matical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for printing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

A. P., Jamestown, N. Y.:
Please inform me of the location of the Government Signal Office in Florida.
Gainesville.

W. L. B., Koutts, Ind.:
Please inform me where Brainard's Musical World is published.
Cleveland, O.

C. P., Beloit, Kan.:
1. Is there any certainty concerning the lost continent of Atlantis? 2. Are not northern lights electrical phenomena?
1. No. 2. That is the general belief.

D. P. T., Mason City, W. Va.:
Please give me the origin of the quotation, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."
John Wesley, sermon on dress.

A. G. G., Appleton City, Mo.:
How do you prepare oiled paper for heavy writing?
Put to a bullock's gall one handful of salt and one-quarter pint vinegar; stir it until it is mixed well; drop a little into the ink.

A. M. H., South Carrollton, Ky.:
Did the Democrats ever nominate a negro in Tennessee or elsewhere?
We believe there have been a few instances of the kind in the South, the object being to secure the negro vote for the balance of the ticket.

J. H., Basswood, Wis.:
Please inform me whether a soldier would have to live on Government land if he had served between six and seven years in the army?
He must live on the land one year, to secure a patent, no matter how long he served in the army or navy.

Reader, Henrietta, Mich.:
In the Presidential election 12,076 votes are returned as "scattering." Who received these scattering votes?
Neal Dow, Prohibitionist, received 10,305, and John W. Phelps, American or Anti-Secret Society candidate, 707.

D. F. B., Alvada, O.:
Please tell us the number of terms served by Gov. Foster in Congress, and the names of his competitors each time.
Three terms. He defeated Edward F. Dickinson, Rush R. Sloane and George R. Seney, the latter by 159.

C. R. N., Ellsburgh, N. Y.:
Please publish name and address of two or three medical papers and oblige.
Lancet and Clinic, Cincinnati; Medical Times, Philadelphia; Medical Journal, New York; Medical Review, Washington; Medical and Surgical Journal, Toledo, O.

John, Ligonier, Ind.:
Where can I find the quotation "A little learning is a dangerous thing"?
In Pope's "Essay on Criticism:"
"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

H. M., Bronson, Mich.:
1. What is the highest military office in the United States? 2. Was Isaiah the only Democrat in the House?
1. General of the Army. 2. Sherman, but he will soon retire, to be succeeded by Sheridan. 3. The incoming Congress will consist of 325 Representatives and 76 Senators.

Leo, Woodburn, Ind.:
Please give me a recipe to keep a barrel of cider sweet for drinking through the winter.
1. Allow the cider to work until it has reached the state most desirable to the taste, then add 1½ tumblers grated horseradish to each barrel, and shake up well. This arrests further fermentation. After remaining a few weeks, rack off and bung up closely in clean casks.

A. H., Albeil, Or.:
1. Was Noble, during his exile, in the "Land of the Midnight Sun?" 2. Tell how to procure a passport when going to foreign lands. 3. Which countries have the most railroads according to population?
1. No. 2. From the Secretary of State, at Washington, but a passport is no longer necessary except in Russia. 3. The United States.

E. L. R., Bloomville, O.:
1. Is the machinist's considered a good trade? 2. What are the wages paid a beginner? 3. Were Daniel Webster and Noah Webster any relations to each other? 4. Where was the first blood shed in the civil war?
1. Yes. 2. From $8 to $6 a week. 3. No. 4. After the bombardment of Fort Sumpter had ceased, one man was killed and several wounded by the premature discharge of a gun and the explosion of a pile of cartridges.

S. O., Victoria, Ill.:
1. Was Marco Bozzaris a Greek or a Turk? 2. Was he one of the Grecian Lords?
1. A Greek patriot, and his father, grandfather, uncles and brothers were all distinguished patriots and warriors. 2. He was appointed a General in the army of Western Hellas in 1823, and fell while leading 350 Suliotes in a night attack on the camp of the Pasha of Scutari.

J. M., Quincy, O.:
Where bees are put in a cellar, do they require a place to get out on pleasant days—or when they are put in there will they stay in till taken out in the spring?
Some beekeepers advise letting them out for a fly during pleasant weather, while others keep them confined for four or five months. They should be put away some dry day, that the hives and combs may be entirely free from dampness. The temperature of a cellar or bee house should be kept at about 40°. Some authorities claim that unless you have 40 or 50 colonies, it does not pay to winter bees in-doors.

W. L. W., Tyner, W. Va.:
I have picture of Grace Darling. Please tell who Grace Darling was.
She was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands. On the night of September 6, 1838, a steamer was wrecked on one of the crags of the Farne group. Of 53 persons on board, 38 perished. The survivors were discovered by Grace clinging to the rocks, and, with the assistance of her parents, but against their remonstrances, she launched a boat, and with her father succeeded in rescuing nine of them. She was visited by the wealthy and great, and presents and money showered upon her. She died of consumption in 1842.

D. J. F., Dauphine, Mo.:
1. Is the common law of England and the United States the same? 2. Wherein does it differ from statute law?
1. The common law of England has been adopted as the basis of jurisprudence in all the States except Louisiana—that is, its general principles have been adopted so far as they are applicable to our situation. By reason of the modifications arising out of our different condition, and those established by American statutes and by the course of American adjudication, the common law of America differs widely in many details from the common law of England; but the fact that this difference has not been introduced by violent changes, but has grown up from the native vigor of the system, identifies the whole as one jurisprudence. 2. Common law is that law which derives its force and authority from the universal consent and immemorial practice of the people. It has never received the sanction of the Legislature by an express act, which is the criterion by which it is distinguished from statute law. The statutes are the expression of law in a written form. It is only by the legislative power that law can be bound by phraseology and forms of expression. The common law eludes such bondage; its principles are not limited nor hampered by the mere forms in which they may have been expressed, and the reported adjudications declaring such principles are but the instances in which they have been applied. The principles themselves are still unwritten, and ready, with all the adaptability of truth, to meet every new and unexpected case; hence it is that the rules of common law are flexible.

A. N. J., Locust Point, O.:
Please give a brief history of the Congressional Library, also number of employes, salaries paid, etc.
Time and space will not permit us to do more than to refer you to the Congressional Directory, which can be found in the main facts correct.

Mr. Langdon, a millionaire coal dealer, (since deceased) and his daughter were passengers on the "Quaker City" when she carried a load of "Pilgrims to the Holy Land." S. L. Clemens, then an impecunious journalist, was also a "Pilgrim." Miss Langdon, who was an invalid from a spinal difficulty, was a very lovely girl and the impressible scribe fell violently in love and it would seem from future events not without some encouragement. Langdon, however, had no mind to give his only and delicate daughter to a man unable to give her the luxuries to which she was accustomed, and the match hung fire.

However, when "Innocents Abroad" was published, Mark Twain was no longer an obscure "penny a liner," but an author of repute and from the first edition reaped a harvest of $100,000, and the affair culminated in a marriage and Mrs. Clemens has spent many years "abroad" with her "Mark."

The Langdon family are the wealthiest and most liberal patrons of Park Church, called the handsomest church in the southern tier, and presided over by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. Every Sabbath a stand of lovely white flowers from their hot-house adorns the sacred desk.

THOMAS BEECHER'S CHURCH.

Park Church building faces on two streets, the church on Church street and the parlors on Gray The auditorium is in amphitheater style and will seat perhaps 1,500 people. There is a noble organ and quartet choir, which is one of the institutions of the City. Indeed it is quite the thing for strangers to visit Park Church and in its way it is quite as notable as Plymouth, and its pastor quite as popular as his more liberal brother.

Being a Beecher, it goes without saying that he is eccentric and peculiar. But that does not prevent his being the idol of his flock. In person he is of medium hight, well built and inclined to stoutness. His features are aquiline, and he wears a full beard which is quite gray, as is also his hair worn long on his neck. His style of preaching is masterful, rather than flowery, but full of a persuasive gentleness and tender pathos which is very winning. In private life he is "without fear and without reproach." No stain or scandal clings to his garments. He is a warm friend and a wise counselor, and many a man who believes very little of the doctrine he preaches is yet glad of an opportunity to take his troubles and temptations to Mr. Beecher, knowing that, besides receiving sympathy and advice, he will also secure inviolable secrecy. Not very long ago I read an article in the New York Witness, saying that Thomas Beecher was in the habit of drinking beer and playing billiards in public drinking places. I believe it to be a malicious fabrication, for, in many years' residence in Elmira, I never heard anyone say they ever saw him in such a place. I, myself, have seen him playing marbles on the sidewalk with little, ragged urchins, and he has a smile and a word for every newsboy or bootblack. He is the soul of generosity and he keeps himself short of money, "giving to every one that asketh," and doing alike for Catholic or Protestant, or for those who know no God save to curse him. With all his good qualities, Mr. Beecher is not above the need of office. He used to be a prominent Democrat, and always preached a political sermon on the Sabbath eve of election. But in 1880 he allowed himself to be run for Congress on the Greenback ticket, and it was a sight to see a man of his cloth standing on a public platform and holding forth to such a crowd as frequent such places. He was beaten, and of course, but polled a very large vote at home.

OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS

in Elmira the least said the better. The place was headquarters for troops during the war, and also for Rebel prisoners, of whom thousands were in barracks here, and many "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," near the City. Many stories are told by the citizens of the boys in blue and in Mosgray.

The foundation of many a fortune was laid during those times, and some by means not to be named.

There is one block opposite the Erie depot occupied by saloons, dignified by the name of hotels, where, it is said, if a soldier could not be got drunk enough to spend all his money he would be knocked down and robbed of it; and one old Dutchman would give a drunken man 90 cents on a drink in change for a $100 bill. They dealt in the "queer," too, and many a poor emigrant found, after spending the night with them, all his good gold metamorphosed into a handful of worthless rags.

But the war is over and emigrant trains no not stop over night, so they must now make an honest living selling poor whisky and dubious lunches. MELICE.

Southern Kentucky.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SCIENCE HILL, KY., Oct. 17, 1883.

I would offer a little information to those interested concerning the Sunny South. This (Pulaski) County is the second County north of the Tennessee line. It is well timbered, and watered by branches of soft water coming from the many springs so plentiful in this country. The land is divided into farms of from 40 to 100 acres and upwards. Farms are generally one-half to two-thirds clear, with hewed log or frame house, log barn, orchard, good spring of water, and plenty of timber. All kinds of fruit do well here, and since the emigration from Ohio and Indiana is pouring into this County, the cultivation and planting of fruit is largely talked of. Thousands of trees of the latest and best varieties have been planted, and many more will be planted this year, besides a considerable acreage of small fruits, such as currants, grapes, gooseberries, strawberries and other varieties. All of the fruits mentioned grow without fail here year after year, and find a good market North. I might gooseberry bushes of the common variety in my garden. I picked from them this year 12 gallons of berries. I shipped one bushel to Cincinnati, O., which sold for 75 cts., and could have sold hundreds of bushels at the same price if I could have obtained them. Cultivated fruits of other kinds find ready sale at better prices. Farms can be bought at from $6 to $20 per acre in this County. The land has been badly used, before corn and oats are the chief products, and for various grasses so beneficial to land have heretofore been entire strangers to a great many farms. Consequently, old fields that have been farmed in that style for 20 to 30 years, and then thrown out to the commons, are very much worn and worthless in their present state, but will grow clover to some extent, and yield a plentiful crop of any kind by using even a small amount of manure.

Men of energy and means are needed in Pulaski County. Invalids find this a pleasant place to come to. This is an anti-bilious climate. Ague is not known here, and people coming from the North, suffering from dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, are almost cases entirely cured. The Winters are mild and short, and the Summer heat not so intense as North, as I am an Ohio man myself and know of what I speak.

Mules and horses are few in number, as Colorado beetles and gnats. I have become Illinoid acquainted with the country, and shall find pleasure in showing it to any of my old friends.

Western States and Territories	1,098,088	12,711	13.6
California	15,525	....	4.1
Nevada	1,083	....	15.7
Oregon	1,810	....	3.4
Washington Ter.	964	....	8.3
Pacific States	19,379	....	4.3
Delaware	13,670	954	13.2
Dist. Columbia	16,572	3,169	22.4
Kentucky	79,025	23,703	6.8
Maryland	50,316	8,718	7.3
Missouri	109,111	8,344	9.2
West Virginia	32,068	196	8.1
Border States	301,092	45,184	8.3
Alabama	2,576	4,269	.2
Arkansas	8,289	5,526	1.9
Florida	1,200	1,044	.9
Georgia	....	....	.0
Louisiana	5,294	8,486	.7
Mississippi	545	17,869	.0
North Carolina	8,166	5,035	.3
South Carolina	....	5,462	.0
Tennessee	31,093	20,133	2.8
Texas	1,965	47	.3
Virginia	....	....	.0
Southern States	54,137	63,571	.6
Indian Nation	3,540	....	....
*Colored Troops	93,441	....	....
Grand total	2,859,132	178,079	9.1
At large	....	733	....
Not accounted for	....	5,053	....
Officers	....	7,122	....
	....	186,017	....

*This gives colored troops enlisted in the States in rebellion; besides this, there were 92,576 colored troops, included (with the white soldiers) in the quotas of the several States; the second column gives the aggregate of colored, but many enlisted South were credited to Northern States.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. **Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase.** Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send stamp, in postage, for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. R. BEALS & CO., 712 Eleventh St., Washington, D.C.

C. W. T., Pt. Sanilac:
Please publish a description of Yellowstone Park, its dimensions, the size of its lakes, etc.
We have several times given brief descriptions of this "Wonderland," but we could fill a column describing its lakes, rivers, cliffs, springs, fishes, geysers, etc. The map of Henry Gannet, topographer of the United States Geological Survey, shows the Park to be an oblong square, 62 miles in length from north to south, 54 miles in width from east to west, containing 3,348 square miles. Electric Peak, near the northwestern border, has an elevation of 11,175 feet; Mount Norris, in the northeast, 10,629 feet; Mounts Chittenden, Hoyt, Langford, Doane, Stephenson, and others in the eastern Sierra Madre border, and Mount Holmes and Bell's Peak, on the western, range between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high, and Mount Sheridan, near the southern border, 10,385 feet high; Grand Canon, 13,000 feet; and Mount Washington, 10,000 feet. The latter is the most central and affords the best general view of the Park and its surroundings. Suckers, catfish and the bony Rocky Mountain herring abound in the Yellowstone River and some of the lakes, but far the greater portion of all the fishes found in the known waters of the Park are trout. These bear to be of many different varieties. Yellowstone Lake (22 by 15 miles in length) has an altitude of 7,788 feet. There are probably 50 geysers that throw a column of water to a hight from 50 to 200 feet, and from 5,000 to 10,000 springs, chiefly of two kinds, those depositing lime and those depositing silica. The temperature of the calcareous springs is from 160° to 200°; that of the others rises to 200° or more. Giantess, a large geyser, is about 18 by 25 feet in diameter. The inside of the tube is incrusted and covered with a whitish silicious deposit. When not in action, no water can be seen in its basin, although its sides are visible to the depth of 100 feet, but a gurgling sound can be heard at a great distance below. When in eruption is about to take place, the water rises in the tube with much sputtering and hissing, sending off vast columns of steam It will stand sometimes for several minutes within 150 feet of the surface, foaming and gurgling and spurting jets of hot water nearly to the mouth. When it finally bursts forth, it throws up a column of water the full size of its nature to the hight of 60 feet, and through the next rise five or six smaller jets, varying from 10 to 15 feet in diameter, to the hight of 250 feet. The eruption, which takes place at irregular intervals, continues for about 30 minutes.

Delayed Subscriptions.

Subscribers wishing a change in their post office address must, in all cases, give their name as well as present address. It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons having money for the BLADE and failing either to give their names or give their address: Letter containing $1, no name or address. Letter containing $2, dated at Sonora, no county or State, signed Thos. Ainsley. Letter containing $2c, dated at Hartford, no city or State, signed L. S. Palmer. Captain Jinks, of some place in Missouri, may know his paper is going now, and when he wants it to go in the *future*, we will find out his wishes. Letter containing 20c., postmarked at Roanoke, no name or order. Letter containing 25 cents, no address, signed J. Gay. Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. Richardson—three of the papers to go to one address, no State given. Letter containing $1, dated at Pleasant Valley, County or State, signed A. B. Hewton. Letter containing $1, dated at Maple City, no county or State, signed by J. E. Weakley. Letter containing $1, no address given, signed P. Daggett.

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Endless Variety of Beautiful Styles. Send six 2c. stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

CARDS.

New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1883, name on, 10c. Prize with 10 pack Potter & Co., Montowese, Ct.

New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prize Package. E. D. Gilbert, P.M., Hingham, Ct.

Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c, postpaid. S. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Large new 83 Chromo Cards, No 2 alike, name on 10 cts. Agts. wanted. NassauCard Co., Nassau, NY

Large new, gold, silver, etc. Chromos, no 2 alike, name, 10c. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

SURNAME on 50 lovely new Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Gilt Edge 25c. Agents wanted. Splendid Premiums. Rs. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

50 COLLECTORS—Illuminated, gilt, embossed all imported cards. Six elegant samples, gold, silver, and like (for 10 two cent stamps. Catalogues free! Jas. W. Taylor & Sons, Pubs., Rochester, N. Y.

50 Large size, all Gold and Silver Fringe Cards, with your name, 10c. 4 packs $1. Rolled Gold Seal Ring for only 50c. Thos. Allen, 13 Nassau St., New York. Agents Wanted. Sells like wildfire. Big Profits. Send for Sample Book. 30 BROTHERS, Northford, Conn.

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Ite attention to their new line of Watches, which they recommend as the best yet offered for the prices.

Large size, for Gentlemen, $75
Medium size for " 65
Large size, " Ladies, 60
Medium " " 50

These movements are sound, thin, winding anchors, and are jeweled in 18-kt. gold in variety of styles.

Each watch is stamped with the name of the house, thereby verifying its guarantee.

To persons in any part of the United States, known to the house, or giving satisfactory reference or depositing their value, Watches and Chains will be sent on approbation, and on the return of such as may not be desired the money deposited will be promptly returned.

Cuts showing sizes and styles of the watches, and patterns of chains suitable to be worn with them, sent on request.

Beware.

Of the continued use of mercury and potash for the treatment of Blood and Skin diseases—they never cure, and nearly always injure or totally ruin the general health.

A WELL-KNOWN DRUGGIST.

I have seen a great many cases cured with Swift's Specific—some who had tried all sorts of treatment. In fact, I have never known it to fail when taken properly. I sell a large quantity of it, and for all diseases that are dependent on blood poison or skin humor. It cures

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN,

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T. L. MASSENBURG, Macon, Ga.

Our treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

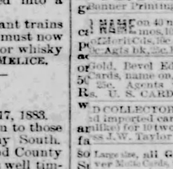
A. D. S., Berkey, O.:
Do the people of the District of Columbia have a vote in electing President?
They do not.

J. H. H., Granville, O.:
Please tell me how to take grape stain out of woolen goods.
Thorough rubbing with soap and soft water; repeated dipping in sour butter-milk and drying in the sun; rubbing on a thick mixture of starch and cold water, and exposing long to sun and air, are among the expedients resorted to.

G. B. P., Hooper, Neb.:
Can you give the highest price which cotton reached during the rebellion, and what year?
The highest price reached in New York was in 1864. The lowest price for that year was 72 cents, and the highest $1.90. In 1865 the lowest price was 32, and the highest 52 cents.

G. S., (no postoffice):
1. When was the remarkable dark day? 2. What caused it and how long did it last?
1. A dark day occurred in New England October 21, 1716. Another dark day occurred in New England and to some extent in other parts of the country May 19, 1780. 2. The phenomenon began about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and lasted until 12 o'clock at night. It is supposed that the vapors of the atmosphere settled in a heavy load upon the earth.

Cuticura
THE GREAT SKIN CURES



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OUR NEW No. 7 FEED MILL,
The Eighth Wonder of the World.

Don't fail to get description before buying. Warranted to grind faster and better than any Mill of same price. The lightest Draft Mill. Has double force feed, and CAST CAST Steel Grinders.
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MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous & Sick Headaches
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Sea Sickness, Typhoid, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers; and will cure CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, SUMMER Complaints, CHILDREN'S Diseases, and many conditions from which many ladies suffer in silence.
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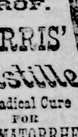

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.. Pubs.

D. R. LOOKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, November 1, 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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"JETHRO THROOP'S NIGHT THOUGHTS."

This serial has produced a profound impression on all our readers. It is a splendid piece of work, and above all has a moral to it, which is of the highest value to young men who contemplate launching themselves into the whirlpool of City life. It is a picture drawn by the hand of a master in colors that fasten the eye and rivet the attention. It is unnecessary for us to say that everybody *should* read it, because everybody is reading it, and there is an astonishing demand for back numbers containing the opening chapters.

THE President hath said it. November 29 is the day. The turkeys must go,

THE 11th Annual Convention of the National Butter, Cheese and Eggs Association, will be held in Cincinnati, Dec. 4, 5, and 6.

LORD COLERIDGE advises students to read Milton next to Shakspere. Our respect for his judgment is considerably modified.

LATE political disturbances in Hayti have, according to report, reached such a pitch as to destroy public order, and imperil the lives and property of foreign residents.

THE Congregational Association, now in session in New York City, have practically refused to approve of the work of the Womans' Christian Temperance Union? Is it jealousy?

THE New York women are adopting the fashion of carrying canes, and many of them in use are described as not only very pretty, but ingeniously contrived so as to be a weapon of protection.

WHEN a man makes up his mind to do a little smuggling, he will find some way of getting around the Customs officials. The latest is to bring diamonds from Canada by means of homing pigeons.

THE last words of HENRY DICKERSON, who was hanged at Plaquemine, were: "Think of my fate, and don't fool with whisky." But how little warning the Democratic party will take from this solemn utterance.

THE two tiers of boxes in the new Metropolitan Opera House, New York, are called the "two golden horseshoes" because the total amount of wealth represented is 450 million dollars, or an average of over 6 million dollars to the box.

THE New York photographers are getting their art down to a pretty fine point, the latest triumph being the reproduction in black and white, of waves of sound, the feat being accomplished by the aid of electricity in the 24,000th part of a second.

LIEUT. GARLINGTON has replied to the question put to him in regard to the management of the Greely Relief Expedition. His answers show that he is a brave officer, but that he made a mistake in judging that it was necessary to leave Littleton Island before the arrival of the Yantic.

DURING the season just closed 130,000 American tourists visited Europe, and Mr. GILLIG, of the American Exchange, says that the time will soon come when a quarter of a million people will cross the Atlantic for pleasure. In 1877 only about 18,000 people went over.

LORD COLERIDGE said as he stepped on the steamer that was to take him home: "Alas, I fear I will not be seasick. Would—oh would——" After the dining and wining he has been subjected to here, the poor man no doubt felt perfectly happy as he rushed to the side of the vessel and completed the sentence.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

There has been a great improvement in the business aspect during the week. The flurry in Wall street was followed by "clearing and brighter weather," and every interest took on a more hopeful appearance, altho there was a strong flow of money from New York to the Interior. This, however, at this season of the year, is natural, normal and healthy, being for the purpose of moving the crops. A large portion of it went to the South, where the cotton is coming forward very early, and in large quantities. The usual concomitant of reviving cheerfulness—speculation is also strongly noticeable. Cotton is disturbed by speculation at Liverpool, and the Southern markets responded to this with an advance of one-sixteenth cent per pound. A sudden and considerable advance in grain on Saturday closed a week in which transactions had been very large, and prices had recovered about three cents for wheat, 1½ cents for corn, and one cent for oats. The very low prices at Chicago and all other primary markets have been the most conclusive evidence that holders were not really convinced that the world's supply was going to fall far short of the demand, and the rally last week, being apparently due to a vigorous campaign against shorts in a market largely oversold, may not prove to have such staying qualities. Prices are unusually low, it is true—low enough under ordinary circumstances to suggest an early advance—but it is also true that the demand from abroad this season has been altogether disappointing thus far.

EXCEPT in Massachusetts, the political campaigns have gone on without much special animation, until the beginning of this week, which is the last before the elections. Now there is the spasmodic energy of the politicians and office-seekers, without a corresponding exhibition of interest by the people. In New York the registration is light—over 14,000 of a falling off from last year in New York City alone. The estimated decrease is 1,200 per District. The Republicans have shown most of the lukewarmness, but the Democrats are not by any means so "harmonious" as represented. They will pretty generally come out and vote, however, no matter what they think of the ticket. Chairman COOPER has issued a stirring address to the Pennsylvania Republicans, urging them to put forth their strength to elect the ticket, and giving his reasons for the same.

One is that the Protective Tariff, in which Pennsylvania feels so deep an interest, may be preserved, and the other is that the example of Democratic rule presented in the extra session of the Legislature should stimulate every patriotic Pennsylvanian to rid the State as soon as possible of such misgovernment.

IN New Jersey and Massachusetts the campaigns are personal and very virulent. In the former there is a deep-seated animosity against LEON ABBETT, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and the ring which is behind him. In Massachusetts the fight is wholly on BUTLER, and everything else is subordinated to this one issue. It is confidently believed that both BUTLER and ABBOTT will be defeated by large majorities.

NEXT Tuesday will tell the story everywhere. Then elections will be held in Maryland, Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Governors will be elected in Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota New Jersey.

ONE of the most interesting items of foreign news for the week past is the excitement in London over Lord SALISBURY'S position with respect to the poor of that City, an editorial mention of which will be found elsewhere. The journals are full of his article in the *National Review*, and there are all sorts of opinions expressed with regard to his suggestion of Government intervention to give relief to those poor creatures who are suffering in the midst of plenty. Meanwhile the question bids fair to enter into politics and have a strong influence.

SPAIN is often disturbed by revolutionary schemes, showing that Socialistic ideas are rife there, as well as in other States of Europe. The latest report from there says that the Cercles Battalion which has been guarding the Ministerial buildings was suddenly replaced by another, and its members disarmed. The reason given was because the loyalty of the battalion was strongly questioned, and as the locality of the buildings is one of the best strategic positions in the vicinity of Madrid, it was dangerous to allow these troops to remain there. The excitement in regard to the King's treatment in Paris has now all died away, but the effect remains in an increased devotion to the royal family.

A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg says that there are great disturbances in the colonies in Siberia, owing to official corruption. Affairs in Russia seem to be more quiet, owing, perhaps, to the expressed determination of the Czar to grant some of the reforms desired by the people. As many of the Nihilistic disturbances appear to emanate from the Universities, Counts TOLSTOI, Minister of the Interior, and DELIANOFF, Secretary of State for the Legislative Department, have submitted to the Czar a proposition that the heads of the various Universities in Russia shall hereafter be appointed by the Government. They point to the alarming increase of Nihilism in these institutions of learning, and assert that "student" and "Nihilist" are becoming synonymous.

THE Porte of Turkey has issued a note to the Powers which signed the treaty of Berlin, protesting against the continued occupying of the throne of Bulgaria, by Prince ALEXANDER, upon the ground that his frequent absences from his kingdom are directly contrary to the Constitution of 1879 which requires him to reside permanently in Bulgaria or appoint a regent in his absence. It is of course only another expression of Turkish jealousy of Russian diplomacy in the Balkan States.

THERE are no new developments in the French Tonquin matters, except the exceptions taken by China to the French presentment of the negotiations in the Yellow Book, mention of which will be found elsewhere. It is thought that the French arms would prove victorious in Tonquin, but the hard fighting would be upon the frontier.

HAVE THE PEOPLE, GENERALLY, AN INTEREST IN THE RUM TRAFFIC?

The brewers and distillers, the whisky and beer-sellers, and those who deal in goods sold in and about saloons, are not the only ones interested in the sale of intoxicating liquors. They have an interest in increasing the trade,—all other occupations have an interest in curtailing, and, if possible, killing it.

We shall say nothing of the women and children dependent upon drunken husbands and fathers for support, and who are, consequently, insufficiently fed and clothed. Whether they are benefitted or injured by the unrestricted sale of the liver-congesting, kidney-enlarging, soul-and-body-destroying fluids retailed over bars, need not be discussed in newspapers. Such women may point to their shoeless feet for an answer to that, and the thin shawl and ragged dress, the badge of the class, is a more eloquent presentation of their case than any orator can make, or any pen can write. An appetite which demands for its gratification everything, and more than any man can earn, leaves scant margin for food and clothes for wife and child. An appetite which consumes all, whether it be the thousands of the millionaire or the dollars of the laborer, has no care for wife and child, and, millionaire or laborer, the end is the same. The reputable asylum may be more respectable than the County poor-house, but rum has only one end. It is the culmination of everything bad, and the grave of everything good.

But it is not with this class that we have to deal just now. We insist that every man in business, merchant, manufacturer, lawyer and doctor, has a direct pocket interest in restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors and lessening their use. The brewer is the deadly enemy of men in all branches of business not immediately connected with or dependent upon his own.

The City of Toledo is a fair illustration. There are in this City of 70,000 population, about 600 places where liquors are sold openly. Count the places not taxed or licensed, but which belong to the liquor trade and from whose business liquor is inseparable, the nefarious occupations which have liquor as their first lieutenant, such as gambling dens, houses of prostitution and such places where liquor always is, and which could not exist without liquor, and the number may be reasonably put at 800.

We have neither time nor patience to estimate carefully the amount of money spent each year in these places for liquors. But to exist they must at least each do a business of $10 a day, and that gives a grand total of about $2,500,000 per annum, paid out in Toledo alone for liquors. It looks like a very large sum, but the keepers of these dead-falls are not in the business for fun. We know the number of places, and we know what it costs to run them. It is probable that the sum mentioned is too small—$5,000,000 would be nearer the mark.

It doesn't much matter what kind of goods the money of the goods-buying people is absorbed in, provided the goods bought are of a nature that do the buyer some good. There cannot be too much food and clothing, and after the first necessities of life are assured, luxuries are entirely proper. The piano should follow the cook stove as soon as it is certain that the cook stove will be properly employed. Silk should follow calico, and broadcloth corduroy, as fast as possible. All occupations furnishing necessities and proper luxuries are commendable. Whisky is never a luxury—it becomes, however, a fiendish necessity.

What effect has the liquor traffic upon these other occupations? Liquor not only makes silk impossible but it curtails calico. How many dresses of any kind does the wife of a drunkard purchase a year? How much money does the drunkard find to waste upon clothes for his children? Does any one expect to find a piano or organ in the wretched hovel of the brewer's bondman? Does any canvasser for book or magazine ever enter the hovel in front of which the drunkard lies stupid in the sun? Does the dry goods merchant, the hardware, grocery or book dealer, the butcher, baker or tailor look for trade among this class? How many of these bond-slaves to a merciless appetite, ever buy ground and build houses?

Suppose the vast amount of money paid for rum was expended in the dry goods; hardware, grocery, drug, book and other business houses in the City, what effect would it have upon trade? It is not and never was. The drunkard *will* have his whisky, and the existence of his wife and children is one perpetual skirmish for the bare necessaries of life. They have to wear their shoes too long for the good of trade, and dealers in other necessaries get nothing from them. They are of use to the liquor-sellers only.

What is true of Toledo is true of Philadelphia with its 40 miles of grog shops, and it is true of every community, great and small, of this and every other country. The drunkard at the head of a family robs the tradesmen of his community of just the amount his appetite compels him to pour into the tills of the gin mills.

The mischief does not end with the diversion of his earnings from legitimate channels. Every drop that a man drinks incapacitates him from labor to a greater or less degree. The regular drunkard does not work at all. He has not the strength of mind to continue the work. Rum unfits him mentally and physically, for any labor. The moderate drinker is only half as good a man as the perfectly sober man. The earnings of the slaves of appetite not only does not go into the channels of legitimate trade, but the power of producing money is curtailed.

What we want to impress upon the minds of the dealers in legitimate goods is that the liquor maker and the liquor seller are at war with his best interests. The money earned by the drunkard not only goes in to the gin mills, but the power of creating money by labor is frightfully curtailed. In brief the liquor seller converts a man who would otherwise be the good customer of the dry goods, grocery, hardware, clothing and other dealers, into a pauper, who, when he earns money, spends it for rum only; whose family expends for necessaries only the fourth of what they should, and who finally become actual burdens upon the communities that support them.

The decent industries have a very great money interest in restraining this horrible traffic which has nothing of good and everything of evil in it. It is a curse in a business way—a curse mentally, morally and physically. It is a block in the way of civilization, a destroyer of peace, a debaucher of men, and a corruptor of women and children.

And this interest—the worst in the world, an active, aggressive injury—proposes to rule this country! It has already taken possession of parties; it has dictated nominees; it owns Legislatures, Judges, and Governors of States, and is now moving for National control.

Pulverize the Whisky Power!

THE CIVIL RIGHTS DECISION.

There is no tribunal on earth more remote from partizan or popular influences than the Supreme Court of the United States.

The founders of our Government aimed to secure this result and they did it. They made the Supreme Court the most exalted tribunal in the world. The nearest approach to it is the British House of Lords, when sitting as the Supreme Court of the realm, but even that august body, which is the Court of final resort of nearly 300 millions of people, is not clothed with all the exalted functions of our Supreme Court.

In the first place in our Government a truer separation has been made than in any other, of the functions of government into legislative, judicial and executive departments. Where in other countries the chief executive—be he Emperor, King, Prince, President, or what not—is more or less a Legislator and a Judge, and the law-makers have also judicial functions, etc., in our country these functions are separated by well-defined and impassable boundaries. The supreme executive, the supreme judiciary, and the supreme legislature is each entirely supreme in its own department, and cannot trench upon, nor be trenched upon by any other. The only judicial functions he Chief Executive can exercise is that of pardoning criminals; his only legislative functions, vetoing bills. He appoints members of the Supreme Court, as vacancies occur, but his appointments are of no force unless confirmed by the Senate. The only connection of Congress with the Supreme Court is to fix the salary of the Judges and their number, and the confirmation of their appointment by the Senate.

Each department, therefore, stands on a plane of exact equality with the other two. The Government consists of the President, Congress and the Supreme Court, each one sovereign in its own department, and independent of the other two. Congress makes the laws, the Supreme Court passes upon and interprets them, the President executes them. Each is absolute in its part of the work. Each is very properly jealous of any infringement by the other two.

These are elementary facts, which people are apt to forget, when considering some decision that does not square with their ideas. They are forgotten now by all who speak hotly and impetuously of the decision against the Civil Rights law.

There are some other equally weighty facts which they forget. The Civil Rights law was passed by a Republican Congress 10 years ago in the teeth of a tremendous opposition. The whole Democratic party—North and South—denounced it with a virulence and vehemence, that roused the worst and most brutal passions of the lowest classes. They anathamatized it as that most fiendish of all offenses—an attempt "to make a nigger as good as a white man," and we heard nothing from their orators, saw nothing in their papers but furious abuse of the Republicans for trying to "Mexicanize the country," "force our women and children into the most hateful association with loathsome niggers," "ruin our hotels, theaters, churches, and all places of public resort, by making them the favorite accommodation and shelter of hideous and foul-smelling Senegambians." The hue and cry was so great that the Republicans were defeated everywhere the next year. But the necessity of doing something to gain for the emancipated slaves, even the common rights of mankind was so great, that the Republicans persisted, even though the best constitutional lawyers asserted that the proposed measure, was not warranted by the Constitution.

For 10 years this amendment has done a splendid work in enacting for the late slaves of the South a humane and considerate treatment. At last some one has asked the Supreme Court's opinion of its constitutionality. That body, in the exercise of its undoubted functions, has decided that the Civil Rights Law is not in harmony with the Constitution. However we may feel upon the subject—however much we may regret, as all do regret—this decision, the reasoning which leads up to it is, from the point of law and strict construction of the Constitution—correct. Divested of all verbiage the Supreme Court says in brief that Congress can not make laws which are within the domain of State legislation, and the Civil Rights is clearly within that domain. The States must protect their citizens in their rights as citizens—in their privileges upon railroads, hotels and elsewhere—just exactly as they must protect them from murder, robbery, maltreatment, etc. All classes of rights are the same. The first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, upon which the Civil Rights Law was based, reads:

> No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Therefore it is apparent that the duty of Congress is confined to restraining any State from passing such discriminating laws. So long as no such discrimination is legalized it can not make laws to specially protect the negros, any more than the Jews, the Irish, the Germans, or any other class of citizens. All these are supposed to stand on an equality before the law.

The right of the Supreme Court to declare a law passed by Congress to be null and void, on Constitutional grounds, is as clear and absolute as the rights of Congress to pass any law. One of the greatest safeguards of our liberties is the absolute freedom and independence of the Court in doing this, and the conviction that it will do it independent of partizan feeling and popular clamor. It was called upon to decide whether the Civil Rights law was warranted by the Constitution, and it decided, as the ablest lawyers say it could not help doing—that it was not.

While all regret this exceedingly, the blame, if any, must not be laid upon the Supreme Court, but upon the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, which were not framed liberally enough to authorize the enactment based upon it.

ROSECRANS'S MANIFESTO.

Poor old ROSECRANS wants to make the people believe that STANTON was afraid and jealous of him. This is one of the vagaries of a broken-down man who, while having done undeniably good service, failed to rise to the level of the place he was assigned to. It was a mistake that he was ever given command of the Army of the Cumberland, which should have been handed over to GEORGE H. THOMAS after DON CARLOS BUELL was relieved. ROSECRANS was a good soldier and within certain limits very capable, but responsibility for such an Army as that which fought at Stone River and Chickamauga was just beyond those limits, as no one can help seeing who studies his campaigns. It is ridiculous to charge GARFIELD with having anything to do with his removal. ROSECRANS killed himself most effectually by his months of inaction around Murfreesboro, which he persisted in in spite of the urgings from Washington. He held his large army idle while the armies on either side were making great campaigns, and fighting stupendous battles. While he lay in his camps on the Murfreesboro line, doing nothing more important than drill and review his troops, the Army of the Potomac fought the great battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and the Army of the Tennessee carried on the long campaign of marches, battles and siege, which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg. From the 2d day of January, 1863, until the 19th day of September—over 7½ months—the Army of the Cumberland hardly fired a shot, and it was then brought into battle so unskilfully that it only escaped irreparable disaster by the most obstinate valor, and losses which were simply frightful. These are facts which ROSECRANS'S senile maunderings can not conceal or alter.

RAID OF THE LIQUOR MEN.

Gen. GREEN B. RAUM, ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, says that the whisky men are going to make "a grand raid on Congress" this Winter for an extension of the bonded period, a reduction of tax, and other favors. There is no doubt of this. Since the victory in Ohio—since they have secured a Governor, Legislature, Supreme Court, and all the State offices of the third State in the Nation, the appetite of the Liquor-bosses has become ravenous. They feel that they can have anything they want, and they are not a class of men who are modest in their wants. Gen. RAUM understates, rather than otherwise, the magnitude of the raid, and the importunity of the raiders. They expect to take as complete possession of the Nation as they have of the State of Ohio. It is worth many millions of dollars to them to have the political supremacy they have gained in Ohio; it will be a vastly better speculation to get control of the Nation. We have heard much of TILDEN'S and other bar'ls. The greatest of these, and all of them put together are but a drop in th bucket to the hundred millions which the liquor men pay the Government every year, and to rebate which they are willing to pay as much more to elect a President, and control Congress. DORSEY talked of taking $400,000 into Indiana, and buying up Democrats at $2 a piece. What the Liquor men pay as taxes every year would pay $25 or $30 to every Democratic voter in the United States. But there is no necessity of buying Democrats south of the Ohio, with Democratic majorities of 50,000 in Kentucky and Georgia, and 100,000 in Texas. This would leave only doubtful Northern States to be bought up. The Liquor men, if need be, could pay $1,000 apiece for sufficient votes to carry these, and still make money by the operation, within a year after the inauguration of a Democratic President.

This shows us the crisis we are face to face with. There is only one way to meet it.

Pulverize the rum power.

SOUND LIFE INSURANCE.

Life insurance should be above all other kinds of provision for the future. The man who has saved painfully for many years and invested it in a provision for his family after he is in the beyond, wants to be sure that he has not leaned upon a broken reed, but that what he was provided is a provision indeed.

No life insurance company in the United States has a better or more creditable record than the Travelers', of Hartford, of which JAS. G. BATTERSON, esq., is the honored head. It makes life and accident insurance a business. It sells insurance at as low a price as is consistent with absolute safety, and makes the interests of its policy holders identical with its own. It has never disputed a claim on purely technical grounds, and it has never delayed a payment of a loss except in cases where fraud was evident. The death of a policy-holder has invariably been followed by payment the moment the proofs were complete. Its accident department is managed in the same liberal spirit. It observes the spirit rather than the letter of its agreements.

The liberal, or rather just, policy of the Travelers' has made it one of the most popular of beneficial institutions in the country, and its progress is such that in a few years it will occupy the first place in point of business as it does now in point of popularity.

It has ample capital, abundant resources, and being managed not only honestly but with rare business skill, there is no limit to what it may be. The editor of this paper carries policies in this company which is the best evidence of his entire confidence in it. A policy in the Travelers' either life or accident is as certain a reliance as anything earthly can be.

THE total vote of Ohio turns out to be 721,464, or 3,503 less than the vote of 1880, which was 724,067. As the population of the State has increased very considerably since 1880, this vote is probably 50,000 or 75,000 less than it should have been, and fully 75,000 less than it will be next year, at the Presidential election. The total vote of each year for the last 11 years is as follows:

1872—Secretary of State	510,655
1872—President	529,498
1873—Governor	448,878
1874—Secretary of State	467,455
1875—Governor	502,700
1876—Secretary of State	636,062
1876—President	659,771
1877—Governor	585,569
1878—Secretary of State	591,086
1879—Governor	570,711
1880—Secretary of State	716,186
1880—President	724,867
1881—Governor	624,266
1882—Secretary of State	682,189
1883—Governor	721,464

PERSONS out of employment will do well to drop a postal card to "Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, Ohio." An agency for any of their publications is good paying property, and a postal card will bring you full particulars.

THE OLD AND THE NEW ARISTOCRACIES.

The way the old-time aristocracy was constructed in Europe was this:

1. The King, who was supposed to own all the lands in the realm, and who portioned them out among his followers in proportion to their power to serve him.

2. The Dukes and Marquises, who were frequently his sons, or brothers, or uncles, and among whom the Kingdom was divided in "dukedoms" and "marches." These Dukes and Marquises held their territories on condition that they should pay the King so much revenue, and bring a certain number of armed men into the field whenever he set up his banner.

3. The Dukedoms and Marches were in turn subdivided into "Counties" over each of which was set an Earl or a Count, who paid the Duke or Marquis a certain annual tax, and was bound to appear in the field at the head of a certain number of armed men whenever summoned by his lord.

4. The Counties were again subdivided into Baronies, Towns, Shires and Keeps, over each of which was a Baron, Baronet or Knight, who paid contributions to the Earl or Count, and marched to his banner with a stipulated force of armed retainers.

That was the way that the power and position of each was assured. The King owned all the land, and had everybody under his thumb. He made the Dukes and Marquises control the Earls and Counts, the Earls and Counts controled the Barons, Baronets and Knights, and the latter managed their retainers. If anybody was subordinate and rebellious he was brought to time by taking his land away, or threatening to do so, which meant degradation and absolute starvation. The Baron, Baronet or Knight had a castle or keep, which afforded him security against the peasant whom he ruled and robbed. With his men-at-arms he could hold it against any force brought against him by them, but he could not sustain it against his lord's power. It was a charmingly effective system, and made a superb thing of it for the aristocrats of those days until the outraged people rose in their might in the French revolution and swept the whole predacious gang—King, Dukes, Marquiset, Counts, etc., from the face of the earth.

The Rum Power is organizing its aristocracy in the same way. At the base of the hierarchy is the beer seller, who is the creature of those above him. He is like the old-time man-at-arms, who held his very daily bread from the aristocrats just above him, and whom he was compelled to serve with zeal and alacrity, or lose his means of subsistence. The brewer or the wholesale dealer owns or has a mortgage on his beer-chests, his bottles and glasses, his chairs and tables, his screen, and even his sign. Like the old petty knight or baronet, who was compelled to turn out at his lord's bidding, with so many spearmen or archers, and so many hands to do menial duties about the camp, he is compelled to appear on election day at the polls with so many voters, to vote his lord's way. Each brewer or dealer has so many of these underlings, and so much territory, over which he lords it as the old Duke or Marquis, or Count did. He *exercises in this way a power that* promises to be become as brutal and tyrannous as that of the odious feudal system, which the outraged people swept out of existence in a whirl-wind of wrath. There is only one way to prevent the development into the same outrageous proportions of the present Hierarchy of Beer, and that is to at once

PULVERIZE THE RUM POWER!

NATURAL ENEMIES.

There is only just so much money in any community to spend for all purposes. There is only just so much and no more to buy with, and pay for.

The workingmen, in whose pockets are found the bulk of the money in circulation, get but so much a day or week, or month, and they can only spend what they get—no more. As a rule they can only buy what they have money to pay with.

Each and every one of these workingmen will bear strong testimony that he is not getting wages enough to maintain himself and family in the comfort he and they desire.

Consequently every dollar spent for beer and whisky is a dollar taken out of the tills of the dealers in the necessaries of life.

In place of the retailers of this or any other City having interests in common with the beer-sellers, as the latter impudently claim, in their attempts to bulldoze others into acting with them, the reverse is true. The interests of the two classes are hostile—implacably so.

The more money spent in the saloons the less there will be spent in the dry goods stores, the groceries, the shoe stores, and the real estate offices. If a million dollars is paid out for beer and whisky the business of the sellers of the comforts and necessaries of life is decreased by that amount.

The other branches of retailing are not hostile to each other. A man and his family can only eat up so many barrels of flour per annum, and can only wear so many pair of shoes. What money is left over and above after buying these is expended in other stores. But a man's capacity for consuming beer is infinite, and constantly increasing. He may begin by expending only one-hundredth of his wages in beer; it is not unlikely that he will end by pouring all of them down his throat.

Therefore, instead of the retailers of all kinds uniting in support of the saloons, they should do just the contrary, and bend all their energies to help

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE work of ridding Washington of its network of telegraph wires, will soon begin by laying underground all of those controlled by the District Commissioners and Superintendent of Public buildings and Grounds, and also that of the Postal Telegraph Company. An effort will be made to secure from Congress the authority to compel the Western Union Company to do the same thing, its charter as it stands at present permitting it to use poles for its wires.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We wish to mail thousands of specimen copies of the BLADE during the present month to persons whill be likely to appreciate a good family newspaper. We request any or all of our subscribers to send us a list of names of their friends in any locality, that we may mail them a specimen copy. There are not many readers in this country, remote from daily paper fields, but what would appreciate the BLADE at $1 a year.

NASBY.

...sion by the United States Supre... Court.

The following are the main points of ...cision of the Supreme Court in the ...ights cases; after quoting the first ...ections of the act Justice Bradley, ...delivered the opinion, says:

"Has Congress got the Constituti... power to make such law? Of course no... will contend that power to pass it was ...tained in the Constitution before the a... tion of the last three amendments. ... power is sought first in the 14th amendm... The first section (which is the one relied ... after declaring who shall be citizens o... United States and the several State... prohibitory in its character ... prohibitory upon the States. ... is State action of a parti... character that is prohibited. ... visual invasion of individual rights is ... the subject matter of the amendment. ... has a deeper and a broader scope. It ... fies and makes void all State legislation ... State action of every kind which imp... the privileges or immunities of citizens ... the United States, or which injures them. ... life, liberty or prosperity, without due pro... cess of law, or which denies to any of the... equal protection of the laws. It not only ... does this, but in order that the National will ... thus declared may not be a mere brutum ... fulmen, the last section of the amendment ... invests Congress with power to enforce it ... by appropriate legislation. To enforce ... what? To enforce the prohibition. To ... adopt appropriate legislation for correcting ... the effects of prohibited State laws and ... State acts, and thus to render them effectually null, void and innocuous. This is the ... legislative power conferred upon Congress, and this is the whole of it. ... It does not invest Congress with ... the power to legislate upon ... subjects which are within the domain of ... State legislation, but to provide modes of ... relief against State legislation or State ... action of the kind referred to. Until some ... State law has been passed, or some State ... action through its officers or agents has ... been taken adverse to the rights of citizens ... sought to be protected by the 14th amendment, no legislation of the United States ... under said amendment nor any proceeding ... under such legislation can be called into ... activity for prohibition. The amendments ... are against State laws and acts done under ... State authority. Inspection of the law here ... in question shows that it applies equally to ... cases arising in States which have the justest ... laws respecting personal rights of citizens ... and whose authorities are ever ready to ... enforce such laws as to those which ... arise in States that may have violated the ... prohibition amendment. In other words, ... it steps into the domain of local jurisprudence and lays down the rules for the conduct of individuals in society towards each other, and imposes sanctions for the enforcement of those rules without referring in any manner to any supposed action of the State or its authorities.

"If this legislation is appropriate for enforcing the prohibition amendment it is difficult to see where it is to stop. Why may not Congress with equal show of authority enact a code of laws for enforcement and vindication of all rights of life, liberty and property? If it is not supposable that States may deprive persons of life, liberty, and property, without due process of law, and the amendment itself does suppose this, why should not Congress proceed at once to prescribe due process of law for the protection of every one of those fundamental rights in every possible case as well as to prescribe equal privileges in inns, public conveyances and theaters?"

Judge Bradley refers to the civil right bill of April 4, 1866, and shows that it is clearly corrective in its character, intended to counteract and furnish redress against State laws and proceedings and customs having the force of law, which sanction wrongful acts specified. He adds:

"In this connection it is proper to state that civil rights, such as are guaranteed by the Constitution against State aggression, cannot be impaired by wrongful acts of individuals unsupported by State authority in the shape of laws, customs or judicial or executive proceedings. The wrongful act of an individual, unsupported by any such authority, is simply a private wrong, or a crime against that individual, an invasion of the rights of the injured party it is true, whether they affect his person, his property or his reputation; but if not sanctioned in some way by the State, or not done under its authority, his rights remain in full force, and may presumably be vindicated by resorts to laws of the State for redress. An individual cannot deprive a man of his right to vote, to hold property, to buy and sell, to sue in the Courts, or to be a witness or juror. He may by force or fraud interfere with the enjoyment of a right in a particular case. He may commit assault against the person or commit murder, or use ruffian violence at the polls, or slander the good name of a fellow citizen, but unless protected in these wrongful acts by some shields of State law or State authority he cannot destroy or injure the right. He will only render himself amenable to satisfaction or punishment and therefore amenable to the laws of the State where the wrongful act was committed. If the principles of interpretation we have laid down are correct, as we deem them to be, it is clear that the law in question cannot be sustained by any grant of legislative power made to Congress by the fourteenth amendment, but by the power of Congress to adopt, direct and primary, as distinguished from corrective legislation. On the subject in hand as sought in the second place from the thirteenth amendment, which abolishes slavery and gives Congress power to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation, this amendment, as well as the fourteenth, is undoubtedly self-executing, without any ancillary legislation, so far as its terms are applicable to any existing state of circumstances. By its own unaided force and effect it abolished slavery and established universal freedom.

"Still, legislation may be necessary and proper to meet all the various cases and circumstances to be affected by it, and to prescribe proper modes of redress for its violation in letter or spirit, and such legislation may be primary and direct in its character, for the amendment is not a mere prohibition of State laws, establishing or upholding slavery, but an absolute declaration that slavery or involuntary servitude shall not exist in any part of the United States. Now, conceding for the sake of argument, the admission to an inn, a public conveyance, or place of public amusement, on equal terms with all other citizens is the right of every man and all classes of men, is it any more than one of those rights which the States by the Fourteenth amendment are forbidden to deny to any person, and is the Constitution violated until denial of the right has some State sanction or authority? Can the act of a mere individual, owner of an inn, public conveyance or place of amusement, refusing accommodation be justly regarded as imposing any badge of slavery or servitude upon the applicant, or only as inflicting ordinary civil injury to property cognizable by the laws of the State and pre... subject to redress by those wa...

SHALL THESE THINGS BE?

Shall we have an aristocracy of beer-sellers?

Shall the possession of a lunch counter, a beer-chest, and a dozen thick bottomed tumblers be all that is necessary to constitute a man a satrap over those inhabiting the same neighborhood?

Shall the ownership of a brewery, with its garnishment of vats and kettles, its mysteries of malt, fish berries, quassia and glucose entitle a man as the dispenser of honor and office, of peace and emolument all over the State?

Shall all our ideas of social and political preferment be reversed, and the only avenue to distinction be made to begin in the sawdust of a beer hall; our only men of weight and consideration those who have pandered most successfully to the debasing appetites of the weaknatured—those who have made the most drunkards and robbed of their support the most poor men's families?

Shall the saloon be our only fountain of political life and motive, and the whole current of thought and aspiration run in sewers and gutters through "gin-mills, dives and dead-falls?

If not—then

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ILLUSTRATED BIBBLE BIOGRAPHY.

Only a few copies of this beautiful $3 book for $1.25, postpaid by mail, remain unsold. Those of our subscribers who have not secured a copy should do so at once. It is an appropriate gift to a friend, and a copy should be in every household. To make room for other announcements, we shall soon withdraw this offer. Full description of the book on eighth page.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican National Committee will probably meet in Washington on or about December 12 to decide upon the time and place for holding the next National Convention.——The Rev. Dr. Geo. Worthington, of Detroit, was chosen Bishop of Shanghai by the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Convention.——Capt. Mayne Reid, the novelist, is dead. His novels furnished the main reading for thousands of youngsters.——Buffalo Bill says he has been engaged to act as guide for a hunting party of Englishmen in the Rocky Mountains, and is to receive $5,000 for the trip.——The Committee on Statistics of the Evangelical Conference report 126,000 members, an increase of 10,500 since last report; 1,600 ministers, increase of 126, and 130,000 Sunday School scholars, increase of 20,000. The value of church property is over $5,000,000.——Mr. Tennyson's contract with his London publishers will soon expire and his works will next year bear the imprint of another house. His present allowance from his publishers is $20,000 a year, an amount which, it is presumed, will be increased in his contract with his new publishers.——Nearly 300 children in Guilford County, North Carolina, have died from diftheria.——A swindler secured $5 and $10 each from 80 men and women in Montreal by selling appointments as private detective in connection with a bureau in Chicago.——Most of the Chinamen arriving at San Francisco of late have traders' certificates issued by the Imperial Government, although it is evident that they are only laborers. Some lads of eight years brought students' papers, and could not be excluded.——Fifteen hundred people lost their lives during the recent massacre at Port-au-Prince, and $4,000,000 worth of property were destroyed. Order has now been restored.——An explosion took place in a squib factory in Kingston, Pa., where nine girls were at work. Five of them were burned to a crisp, and the four remaining will

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The New Opera House—The Great Horse Show—Some of New York's Wealthy Women—A Word About Matches.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1883.

Last week witnessed the grandest musical events in the history of New York. The old Academy of Music opened the Winter season with a fine company of artists to a large and brilliant audience. But the grand event was the opening of the New Metropolitan Opera House, the largest in the world. It is a beautiful house and was filled every night last week by the cream of fashionable New York. Whether the Metropolis can support two Italian operas for a whole season is a question; but the managers of the two temples of art seem to think it can be done. They are going to try it at any rate.

Next to the opera the favorite place for fashionables was the horse show in the Madison square Garden. Although it was a show of horses, and there were some fine horses on exhibition, the two-weak people made it more a human show. During the pleasant afternoons there were present thousands of the highest toned people in New York. All the curled darlings of Fifth avenue were there in costumes, if not loud, at least very striking. And they talked the horsest kind of horse talk and seemed as much at home as though they were in their bowling rooms on the fine avenue. There was plenty of ladies of great wealth and great leisure who have their own private horses for riding and driving and it was quite amusing to see them pilot their friends through the hundreds of stalls to show their pets, all covered with blankets that cost nearly as much as the horses themselves.

But there were some really fine horses there and some of the exhibits were remarkable. One of the most interesting was the test of the fire department horses. These animals are very clever and all very highly trained. There were five teams entered in one contest. At a certain hour an alarm of fire was sounded. The horses bounded from their places, took position in front of the engine, were harnessed and had the engine out on the track in less than ten seconds. It was a remarkable performance. On the last day there was a grand parade of all the prize winners. The animals seemed to know that something unusual was going on and they were as proud as their owners. Unwieldly Normandies, graceful hunters, stylish carriage horses, dainty trappers, sturdy colts, dandy roadsters and long-eared jacks made up the odd and unique procession. The bands played, and the vast throng of people, there were 25,000 present, hurrahed like mad. The attendance during the week ranged from 10,000 to 30,000 per day.

A SAD CASE.

New York overflows with incidents of everyday life that are sad and pitiful, one of them being shown up in a police court last week, when Mrs. Rose Rich was sent to jail for theft. She told her story in court, to the effect that 14 years ago she met her husband, who was well-to-do, and with whom she lived happily for two years. Then he began drinking and soon squandered their comfortable home and reduced them to poverty. She sought employment to keep herself and child alive, but her brute of a husband took the greater part of her earnings herself and spent them for drink. He sold what little furniture they had and lived from hand to mouth on the little salary she earned as clerk. Finally his demands for money became so frequent that she could not supply him. He abused her and finally threatened to kill her if she did not steal from the store where she was employed. He took the ribbons and cloth she stole and sold them. This went on for some time and then she told him she would do it no more. Upon the brute wrote an anonymous letter to the proprietor of the store, which resulted in her arrest. The husband has not been arrested.

SOME WEALTHY WOMEN.

New York millionaires are very well known. The Vanderbilts, the Astors, Goulds, Rockfellers, etc., have been written up so often, that they are known from one end of the land to the other. But the men are not the only ones to be classed in the list of those who have their millions of dollars. There are lots of women in New York who are entitled to a place in the list. For instances, there is Mrs. A. T. Stewart, widow of the famous merchant prince, who when he died left her over 100 millions. This fortune has not been squandered, but by judicious investment has been greatly augmented. Mrs. Stewart is now an old, feeble woman, and lives a very quiet life in a single suite of rooms in her great mansion on Fifth avenue and 24th street. Mrs. Susan E. Roberts has the care of nobody knows how many millions, her brown stone residence on Fifth avenue alone, being assessed at $175,000. Commodore Vanderbilt's relict is of course immensely wealthy, as is also Mrs. J. C. Ayer, widow of the patent medicine man. Many other ladies who are the happy or unhappy, as the case may be, possesers of dollars that mount up into the millions, are Miss Mary G. Pickney, who owns vast tracts of unimproved real estate, Miss Carrie Astor, who is wealthy in her own right, Mrs. Catherine Lord, Mrs. Hicks-Lord and Miss Catherine Wolfe, who puts a figure eight before her millions. Miss Wolfe is a very charitable lady, giving annually a great deal of money to various charities in a quiet unassuming way. Her brown stone front on the avenue has within its walls old tapestries, bric-a-brac and curiosities which she has picked up in Europe, valued at over $100,000.

A LIGHT TOPIC.

The making of matches still goes on with unabated fury, although it was generally supposed that when Congress took off the duty the increase in importation would affect our home manufacturers. But this is not the case. The factories here are hard at work, and have orders for all they can turn out. But the increase in imported matches is something marvelous. Previous to the removal in July, the consumption of foreign matches, especially Swedish, had been at the rate of about 8,000 to 9,000 gross of boxes per day. Since that time the rate has increased till it is between 12,000 and 13,000 gross per day, an increase of 4,000 gross of boxes per day. About 75 per cent. of matches used in this country are imported and the most of them come from Sweden, which is the greatest match manufacturing country in the world. The common sulphur match is rapidly being driven out of the market by the parlor match and that in its turn will soon give way to safety matches which can only be ignited when struck on the box. CHAPUIS.

ELMIRA.

A Lovely Little City and Its Subjects—Where Mark Twain Won His Bride—A Beecher Brother.

To the Editor of the Blade:

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1883.

Elmira, the Queen City of the East, and the County seat of Chemung County, is situated on the north bank of the Chemung river. It is surrounded on three sides by immense hills, while on the northwest stretches miles and miles of fertile valley, every acre of which is tilled to its utmost capacity, and will sell at sight for anywhere from $200 to $500 per acre.

The river has high banks and a wide channel, but except at high water is merely a dry bed, with here and there a pool of stagnant water. But a protracted rain swells the small streams which feed it and it overflows its banks and does great damage. It is spanned by two iron bridges and a railroad bridge, over which pass the tracks of the New York & Erie, Lehigh Valley, Northern Central, and the Tioga & Blassburg Railroads.

These roads all run through the heart of the City, crossing north of the principal thorofares, and are a great detriment to business and a constant source of annoyance to people as well as a frequent cause of fatal accident.

People passing through on these roads would scarcely be favorably impressed, as Railroad avenue, the street traversed, is the worst in the City, and is mostly filled with old wooden buildings, inhabited by "old clothes" dealers and second-hand furniture men, who use this business as a blind for a much worse one.

However, these

OLD ROOKERIES

are fast giving way to a better class of buildings. Main, West Water and Church streets, also College avenue, are handsome streets, lined with noble shade trees and bordered with fine residences, for which indeed Elmira is noted, being inhabited by old and wealthy families who take life easy and have little public spirit.

On Main street, between Second and Gray, is a large brick house surrounded by spacious and well-kept grounds. This is the Langdon homestead, occupied by Col. Charles Langdon. It is the abode of generous hospitality and open-handed charity. Gen. Grant was entertained here during the political campaign of 1880, and reviewed an immense torchlight procession from its balcony.

The only daughter of the house married Mark Twain, the genial humorist. They have a Summer residence on East Hill and the sunburned traveler in foreign lands is a welcome comrade and hale fellow with all the "old boys" of the Town.

MARK TWAIN'S COURTSHIP.

There is a story of the courtship which I give for what it is worth, premising that I got it from reliable parties and believe it to be in the main facts correct.

Mr. Langdon, a millionaire coal dealer, (since deceased) and his daughter were passengers on the "Quaker City" when she carried a load of "Pilgrims to the Holy Land." S. L. Clemens, then an impecunious journalist, was also a "Pilgrim." Miss Langdon, who was an invalid from a spinal difficulty, was a very lovely girl and the impressible scribe fell violently in love and it would seem from future events not without some encouragement. Langdon, however, had no mind to give his only and delicate daughter to a man unable to give her the luxuries to which she was accustomed, and the match hung fire.

However, when "Innocents Abroad" was published, Mark Twain was no longer an obscure "penny a liner," but an author of repute and from the first edition reaped a harvest of $100,000, and the affair culminated in a marriage and Mrs. Clemens has spent many years "abroad" with her husband.

The Langdon family are the wealthiest and most liberal patrons of Park Church, called the handsomest church in the southern tier, and presided over by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. Every Sabbath a stand of lovely white flowers from their hot-house adorns the sacred desk.

THOMAS BEECHER'S CHURCH.

Park Church building faces on two streets, the church on Church street and the parlors on Gray. The auditorium is in amphitheater style and will seat perhaps 1,500 people. There is a noble organ and quartet choir, which is one of the institutions of the City. Indeed it is quite the thing for strangers to visit Park Church and in its way it is quite as notable as Plymouth, and its pastor quite as popular as his more liberal brother.

Being a Beecher, it goes without saying that he is eccentric and peculiar. But that does not prevent his being the idol of his flock. In person he is of medium hight, well built and inclined to stoutness. His features are aquiline, and he wears a full beard which is quite gray, as is also his hair worn long on his neck. His style of preaching is masterful, rather than flowery, but full of a persuasive gentleness and tender pathos which is very winning. In private life he is "without fear and without reproach." Not stain or scandal clings to his garments. He is a warm friend and a wise counselor, and many a man who believes very little of the doctrine he preaches is yet glad of an opportunity to take his troubles and temptations to Mr. Beecher, knowing that, besides receiving sympathy and advice, he will also secure inviolable secrecy. Not very long ago I read an article in the Sunday papers over Mr. Beecher's name, saying that Thomas Beecher was in the habit of drinking beer and playing billiards in public drinking places. I believe it to be a malicious fabrication, for, in many years' residence in Elmira, I never heard anyone say they ever saw him in such a place. I, myself, have seen him playing marbles on the sidewalk with little, ragged urchins, and he has a smile and a word for every newsboy or bootblack. He is the soul of generosity and keeps himself short of money, "giving to every one that asketh," and doing alike for Catholic or Protestant, or for those who know no God save to curse him. With all his good qualities, Mr. Beecher is not above the need of office. He used to be a prominent Democrat, and always preached a political sermon on the Sabbath ever two years before election. But in 1880 he allowed himself to be run for Congress on the Greenback ticket, and it was a sight to see a man of his cloth standing on a public platform and holding forth to such a crowd as frequent such places. He was beaten, of course, but polled a very large vote at home.

OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS

in Elmira the least said the better. The place was headquarters for troops during the war, and a camp for Rebel prisoners, of whom thousands were in barracks here, and many "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," near the City. Many stories are told by the citizens of the boys in blue and in gray.

The foundation of many a fortune was laid during those times, and some by means none too honest.

There is one block opposite the Erie depot occupied by saloons, dignified by the name of hotels, where, it is said, if a soldier could not be got drunk enough to spend all his money he would be knocked down and robbed of it; and one old Dutchman would give a drunken soldier 90 cents on a drink in change for a $100 bill. They dealt in the "quiet," too, and many a poor emigrant found, after spending the night with them, all his good gold metamorphosed into a handful of worthless rags.

But the war is over and emigrant trains do not stop over night, so they must now make an honest living selling poor whisky and dubious lunches. MELICE.

Southern Kentucky.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SCIENCE HILL, KY., Oct. 17, 1883.

I would offer a little information to those interested concerning the Sunny South. This (Pulaski) County is the second County north of the Tennessee line. It is well timbered, and watered by branches of soft water coming from the many springs so plentiful in this country. The land is divided into farms of from 40 to 100 acres and upwards. Farms are generally one-half to two-thirds clear, with sewed log or frame houses, log barns, orchard, good spring of water, and plenty of timber. All kinds of fruit do well here, and since the emigration from Ohio and Indiana is pouring into this County, the cultivation and planting of fruit is largely talked of. Thousands of peach trees of the latest and best varieties have been planted, and many more will be planted this year, besides a considerable variety of small fruits, such as currants, grapes, gooseberries, strawberries and other varieties. All of the fruits named grow without fail here year after year and find a good market North. I have eight gooseberry bushes of the common variety in my garden. I picked from them this year 12 gallons of berries. I shipped one hundred Cincinnati, O., which sold for $4, and could have sold hundreds of bushels at the same price if I could have obtained them. Cultivated fruits of other kinds find ready sale at better prices. Farms can be bought at from $6 to $20 per acre in this community. The land has been badly used, as corn and oats are the chief products, and the various grasses so beneficial to land have heretofore been entire strangers to a great many farms. Consequently, old fields that have been farmed in that style for 20 to 30 years, and then thrown out to the common, are very much worn and worthless in their present state, but will grow clover to some extent, and yield a plentiful crop of any kind by using even a small amount of manure.

Men of energy and means are needed in this County. Invalids find this a pleasant place to come to. This is an anti-bilious climate. Ague is not known here, and people coming from the North, suffering from dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, are in most cases entirely cured. The Winters are mild and short, and the Summer heat is not so intense as North, as I am an Ohio man myself and know of what I speak. House and horseflies are few in number, as are musketos and gnats. I have become well acquainted with the country, and shall be pleased to give such information as I can, either by person or letter. The train leaves Cincinnati every morning at 8 o'clock, arriving here at 3 in the evening.

F. B. MANN.

About Pensions.

KANE, Greene Co., Ill., Sept. 29.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Twenty years ago we soldiers of the United States Army—the soldiers who defended the glorious old flag of this grand and great Republic—were battling day and night for victory with all our power. We soldiers are not all dead yet, altho we are suffering from the privations of war. We may all die paupers and soon be forgotten, but, thank God, the old flag yet waves in the midst of heaven. We know we have some members elected to Congress in both parties who seek the interest of the soldier. I say, soldiers, now and hereafter, vote for the man who is for our interest and the full interests of the whole country. We want men in office who will deal out justice to us soldiers.

I nominate, as candidates for 1884, Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for President, and Hon. Robert Lincoln, of Illinois, for Vice President. "United we stand, divided we fall.

Late private Co. I, 28th Ky. V. I.

Preston County, W. Va.

To the Editor of the Blade.

RODAMERE, W. Va., Oct. 20.

I live in West Virginia, Preston County, and I think it is a very desirble place to live in. We have good productive land, good water and good, kind people, churches and schools. In fact everything that is calculated to make men happy. I sometimes think we do not properly appreciate the great blessings that we enjoy. Some times our neighbors think of going West, but when they read of the storms that sweep through that country, they settle down behind the grand old hills of West Virginia, secure from every storm.

S. T.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 1 page paper filled with charming stories, sketches, stories, choice miscellany, etc., is sent, POSTAGE FREE, for 25 cents; and we send EVERY subscriber FREE, our new Holiday Package, containing 21 POPULAR SONGS with music, 10 NEW EVENING GAMES, 1 pack of AGE & FORTUNE-TELLING CARDS, 1 pack "HOLD TO LIGHT" CARDS, 1 pack FUN AND FLIRTATION CARDS, 1 CHROMO CARDS, 13 NEW TRICKS IN MAGIC, 5 NEW PUZZLES 5 beautiful FACE PICTURES, 1 set TRANSFORMATION PICTURES, 25 ways TO GET RICH, etc. Endless Amusement! AGENTS WANTED. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO., AUGUSTA MAINE.

The Rhea Ridge Country.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 16, 1883.

I will give you some facts in regard to Western North Carolina and North Georgia, as I am well acquainted with both sections of the country, and have been formerly a citizen of Cherokee County, N. C.

There is now being constructed from Marietta, Ga., a narrow-gage railroad, to run to Murphy, N. C., and Dutchtown Copper mines, Tenn. This road is now completed about 70 miles, and has about 50 miles more to build before reaching Murphy. It is being built by some Cincinnati and Boston capitalists. The President of the road lives in Cincinnati, and he contemplates having the road completed to Murphy by the 1st of July next. The Richmond & Danville Railroad is now constructing a broad-gage road from Ashville, N. C., to Murphy & Dutchtown, Tenn., which, it is thought, will be completed within about two years.

The road from Marietta to Murphy, N. C., passes through a mountainous country. After leaving Marietta some 20 miles the land is generally rich hillsides, narrow, rich branch, creek and river bottoms, fine coal, soft water, splendid water power for machinery, fine timber, the mountains at an elevation of from 2,500 to 4,000 feet, the valleys from 1,600 to 2,000 feet. The climate is cool and nice in Summer, and more pleasant in Winter than further North or South. It is not so changeable as either of them. The same also can be said of Western North Carolina as to elevation, climate, water, etc.

North Georgia and Western North Carolina are as good for apples and grapes as any country east of the Rocky Mountains, and there is no better country for cabbage, Irish potatos, onions, and, in fact, everything that the farmer wants to raise. As for grazing lands, Cherokee, Clay, Graham, Macon, Swain, Jackson, Haywood, Transylvania, Henderson, Bumont and Mitchell Counties, there is no better outside of the rich Western prairies. The same can be said of a few Counties in Georgia bordering on North Carolina.

The whole country spoken of is well timbered with 60 odd different varieties. The railroads referred to will run on a mineral belt for 300 miles, 13 different shades and color of marble, rising from 60 to 100 feet above the valleys in several places for miles, 125 miles or more of as fine brown hematite iron ore as ever was worked in Pennsylvania, rich copper mines, gala silver, soapstone, pure white talch, manganese and mica. Mineral lands cost high. Farming lands vary from $2 to $20 per acre. I know of a stock farm of 5,000 acres, 100 river bottom, 200 to 400 up and valley lands that can be bought for $2 per acre. It is on a pubblic road, will be 10 miles from a railroad, and a stock farm there is no better at the price in the Southern country.

As to the Northern settlements, there is none; yet there is quite a number of Northern men through all this country, and gradually coming. The people want more of them to come. I am a Southern man—raised in East Tennessee, Mawthe County—and k now the people well that I have written about, and I do not know of any country except the Far West that there is more inducements to invest capital, either in mining, manufacturing, farming or stock raising. A. A. CAMPBELL.

Sun River Valley.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

SUN RIVER, Mont., Oct. 8, 1883.

Ten years ago the Sun River Valley had but few inhabitants, now and then a log cabin was to be seen along the banks of the river. Where the town of Sun River now stands was in those days one small store where properly trading post surrounded by brush and cottonwood timber. To-day the valley is one immense farm on which thousands of bushels of grain are raised annually. Costly dwellings have replaced the old log cabins, trees have been planted and have thriven, huge herds of cattle graze on the prairie beyond, great flocks of sheep are there and such droves of horses innumberless. Other localities have settled up starting from Sun River north and south east and west. People flocked into this valley, and finding no more room here, struck out and have formed settlements all over the land, and the little Village of Sun River awoke one morning to find itself a Town. New houses, stores and hotels rapidly succeeded each other, and now its inhabitants are proud of it and sanguine as to its future. Much money is being invested in buil ings at the present time. Massive cut stone stores are being built. Hotels and warehouses, churches and school houses, are going up every year.

The Town of Sun River is centrally located in the best farming and stock-raising portion of Montana, of which thousands of acres are unoccupied as yet, but in a year or two there will be but little land within 50 miles of here unlocated, and then Sun River will become the St. Paul of the Northwest, and the Great Falls the Minneapolis.

When the 20 miles that lay between here and Great Falls has become subject to the farmer's plow, when our great mineral resources have began to be developed, then Sun River will have taken its place among the Cities of America. Now is the time for those who wish to join her train and go up with her.

Even to-day we have many wants unsupplied, one of which is a newspaper. Our people are willing to liberally aid any one who would start one here.

We want a hardware store and a saddle and harnessmaker, carriage builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, etc.

DAVID BYRON.

The Cumberland Plateau.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

ROCHESTER, Ia., Oct. 22, 1883.

I see in the BLADE of October 18 a letter from the "Cumberland Plateau," dated at Jamestown, Tenn., which I think is apt to mislead those who know nothing of that locality. I spent some three or four days at that place in the year 1863, and will try and give my impression of it. Jamestown is the County seat of Fentress County, and is situated on the top of the Cumberland Mountains, and in size and appearance very much resembles our poorer classes of Northern villages. This writer states that Jamestown is a very "healthy place," which I have no doubt is correct, and would be a good place for an invalid if he could have anything better than a barren waste of sand and scrubby timber to feast his eyes upon; altogether it is one of the most dreary places that I ever saw. As for farming the climate is too cold. I was there in the month of August and overcoats were a luxury. The soil is very good for polishing up bayonets, for which purpose we used it when we were there. He says that land is worth $1 per acre, and that is more than any enterprising Northern man would give for the entire mountain for farming purposes. R. A. MORTON.

Tariff and Free Trade.

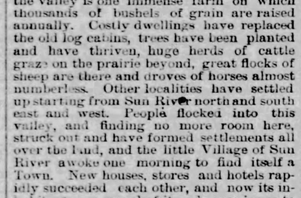
To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

LONG HOLLOW, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1883.

I saw in the BLADE last week a sketch from a Free Trader of Minnesota. Does he suppose that if Free Trade was the go that a farmer could get $30 for 30 bushels of wheat? I think that about 50 cents would be the highest. He says he cannot see how a farmer is protected. The way I see it is that America pays her manufacturing hands good wages and can give good prices for the farmers' produce. But if Free Trade triumphs and our manufacturing laborers has to work for 25 cents a day, as they do in Free Trade countries, the farmer would get but 25 cents per bushel for his wheat, and still give the foreigner his price for his cloth. I live amongst Free Traders here in the South; but I am for Protection.

W. H. BRANTLEY, Postmaster.

ST. JACOBS OIL



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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers every where. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Immense Saving but pans from the stove. The Boss handle for taking hot pans from the stove. NO MORE RAGS NEEDED. Also cheapest and best Broom Holder in the market. Send 25 cts. for samples and be convinced. For circulars and terms to agents, address EXCELSIOR HARDLE CO., Augusta, Ky.

Northern Alabama.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

DECATUR, Ala., Oct. 8, 1883.

Below I give part of a letter received from a gentleman in Ohio:

"Give a full description of the valley in North Alabama—kind of crops, how much to the acre, climate, soil, health, timber, water, and value of land, lumber, grain, stock, and all else of interest to us in this region wanting to locate in the Sunny South. There is a number of persons here who would prefer the South to the cold climate, and who do not want to go to the stormy prairies of the West, with the drouth and grasshoppers. How is that in Alabama, and could we live there in peace? Would life and property be safe there? As you have lived in the North, you know about what will suit us," etc., etc.

I have received letters by the hatful in substance like the above, and while I am willing to give all information regarding this valley, yet to the gentleman's second question, "How much per acre can you grow?" I beg leave to say that were I to answer in detail all the numerous questions asked, it would consume so much of my time that I could not grow anything; but if crops are worked as in the North you can make a large percent on the investment. Grow corn, wheat, oats, clover, cotton, fruit and stock. Oats you sow eight months in the year. The better and surer way to know anything of the country is to go and see it, and look that valley from end to end, through and through. It is 80 miles long and 15 miles wide. Soil varies—some very rich and some badly worn, after 65 years' cultivation; a deep red subsoil. A man and his property is as safe in North Alabama as in Ohio, and land can be bought at one-third their actual value, as there is more land than money.

GEORGE NELSON.

Bowensburg, Ills.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

BOWENSBURG, ILL., Oct, 20.

This is a thriving little town of about 450 inhabitants situated in the southern part of Hancock County. The country surrounding it is gently undulating. The soil is well adapted for agricultural and grazing purposes.

Within the last few years the Town has risen from an obscure out-of-the-way place to a thriving business Town.

The large flouring mill has lately been remodeled on the "roller-mill" plan at a cost of over $5,000. The new tile factory covers more than an acre of ground and is run on a $20,000 capital.

The citizens are intelligent and enterprising. On the whole, it is as pleasant a village and has as healthful a climate as can be found anywhere in the State.

ADA COMUS.

Wants Information.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Oct. 8, 1883.

My husband, Jesse H. Osborn, was a member of Capt. Josephus W. Wise's Company, (D) 184th Regiment Ohio Infantry (Volunteers.) He was injured by being thrown from a horse while on duty, in consequence of which he died since the close of the war. He enlisted Feb. 6, 1865, and was discharged Sept. 20, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., in accordance with S. O. No. 68. I wish to correspond with Capt. Wise or some of my husband's comrades, or with the surgeon who was in charge while he was in the hospital.

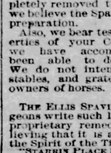
Will some of them who may see this write to me? My address is Greensboro, Guilford Co., N. C. LUARCHA OSBORNE.

It Was Widespread.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

The earthquake in Asia Minor was simply the fag end of the Ohio election.

Special Attention is called to the following Letters from Sames H. Holmes:



TRADE MARK.

HOLMDEL, N. J., Feb. 28, '83. THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO. GENTLEMEN: In answer to your inquiry of the above date we gladly send you the following: We have used the liniment called Ellis's Spavin Cure upon two of our horses, and in each instance have completely removed two curbs from each horse; and we believe the Spavin Cure to be a most valuable preparation.

Also, we bear testimony to the remarkable properties of your Condition Powders, with which we have accomplished what we have not been able to do with any other remedies. We do not intend to be without them in our stables, and gratefully recommend them to all owners of horses. JAS. H. HOLMES.

THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE.—When veterinary surgeons write such letters as the following about a proprietary remedy, they are justified in believing that it is a good thing. Special notice in the Spirit of the Times, Aug. 18, 1883.

"STANDIT PLACE STOCK FARM, FLUSHING, FLUTONVILLE MONTGOMERY CO., N. Y., July 24.—THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.—GENTLEMEN: Remedies received in good shape. Send me a glass sign, by express, to Fonda, well packed, and I think it will come all right. Also send me some of your cards with a horse's head and shoe on. I have taken off several curbs, one very bad; cured a case of Sweeny and Navicular disease with the Cure, and restored several worn out horses with the Powders.

Yours respectfully, CHANDLER QUINTIN, V. S.

Send for free book of testimonials, describing all our specialties.

ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY, Boston, Mass., and New York City.

Now In Session.

COLLEGE OF MUSIC, DEFIANCE, OHIO.

F. KINSEY, Pres. J. P. LESLIE, Sec.

Winter term begins Jan. 24, 1884; Spring term, March 18th, 1884. The only real College of Music in Northwestern Ohio. The full course embraces all studies for graduation. Boarding cheap, in private families. Send for circulars.

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We offer rare inducements to good agents. Those wishing permanent work that will pay large profits, should address immediately.

WASHBURNE & TURING CO., Charlotte, Michigan.

$50 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to distribute circulars for us and sell our goods. $25 and expenses to distribute circulars only. No capital required. Salary paid monthly; expenses in advance. Sample package of goods and full particulars free. Send 15c for postage and packing. No postals. We mean business. Union Mfg Co., Madison, Wis.

Ella Guernsey's new music waltzes: Misiette ... Daughter of orient, 40c; Cookie sheets, 50c; song, "I was only There Eyes to Mine," 30c; do not send stamps. Any music published, or instructions, will be sent if ordered. Ask for terms and what is needed. Ella Guernsey, 10th and Wagner Sts., No. 1220, East Sedalia, Mo.

STUDENTS, MEN OR WOMEN wishing to become physicians, can learn the art of treating the sick by studying at Home the Science of Medicine and Electricity at the ELECTRICAL COLLEGE, 125 John St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Diplomas granted when merited.

3 MOS FREE. THE READERS' FRIEND, a Family Paper of Choice Stories and General Literature, sent 3 months FREE as samples. Send name on postal card to W. H. HARRISON, Jr., TOLEDO, IOWA.

WANTED.

Male and female agents who can furnish good references, to sell a new article. Write and enclose stamp for full particulars and circulars. Quick sale and good commission. Box 699 N. Y. City.

FOR 20 CENTS You can have your name printed on 50 neat Floral Cards. 1,000 NEAT BILL-HEADS or 500 NOTE-HEADS for 85c. 500 for 85c. JOHN A. HADDOCK, 338 Pearl Street, N. Y.

FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illus. circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

FREE! Secure a splendid present by sending 30c for 9 pk's of Chromo Cds, new and imported designs or 50 for 15c. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

AGENTS wanted for a new, fast-selling article. Sample and terms free. C. E. Marshal, Lockp't, N.Y.

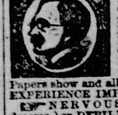
ILLUST. CAT. of Rare and Curious Books free. F. A. DISSINGER, Cambelltown, Pa.

Sanitarium, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea. 36p route, cost, free.

LADIES, send for catalogue of Fine Hair Goods. Mrs. M. J. Fenton, Lock Box 85, Jamestown, N.Y.

Dr. CLARKE

NO FEE Until Better!! Established 1851. Chicago, Ill. 186 So. Clark St.



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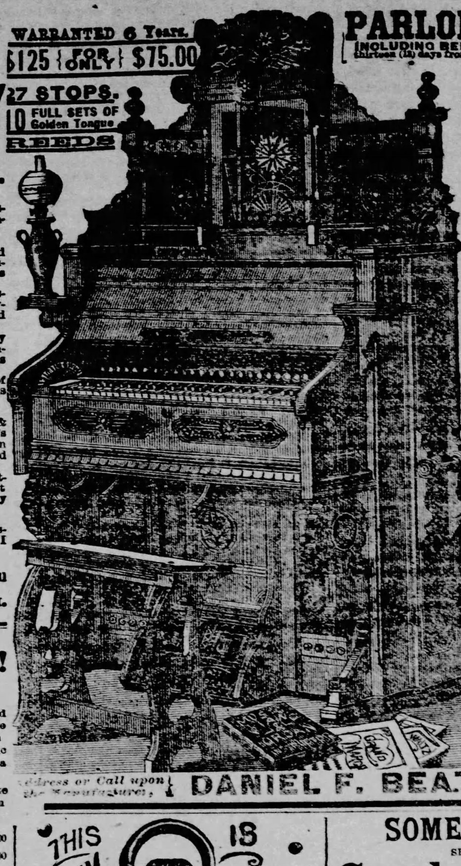
NERVOUS DISEASES (with or without dreams,) or DEBILITY and loss of NERVE POWER treated scientifically by new methods with never failing success. It makes no difference WHAT you have taken or WHO has failed to cure you. YOUNG MEN and MIDDLE-AGED MEN and all who suffer should consult the CELEBRATED Dr. Clarke at once. The TERRIBLE POISONS of all BAD BLOOD and SKIN DISEASES of every kind, name and nature completely eradicated. REMEMBER, that ONE HORRIBLE DISEASE, if neglected or improperly treated CURSES the present and coming generations. DISEASED DISCHARGES cured promptly without hindrance to business. Both sexes CONSULT CONFIDENTIALLY. If in TROUBLE, call or write. Delays are dangerous. "PROCRASTINATION is the THIEF OF TIME." A written warranty of cure given in every case undertaken.

Send two stamps for CELEBRATED WORKS on CHRONIC, Nervous and Delicate Diseases. You have an EXHAUSTIVE SYMPTOMATOLOGY by which to study your OWN CASES. Consultation, personally or by letter, FREE. Consult the OLD DOCTOR. THOUSANDS CURED. Offices and PARLORS private. You see no one but the Doctor. Before confiding your case consult Dr. CLARKE. A friendly letter or call may save future suffering and shame, and add golden years to life. Medicines sent everywhere, secure from EXPOSURE. Hours, 8 to 8 Sunday, 9 to 12. Address or call on DR. CLARKE, M.D. 186 So. Clark St. CHICAGO, ILL.

HUNT'S REMEDY



WARRANTED 6 Years. $125 ONLY $75.00 27 STOPS. 10 FULL SETS OF Golden Tongue REEDS

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

"I had suffered twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys; before using Hunt's Remedy two days I was relieved, and am now well." JOSHUA TUTHILL.

"My physicians thought that I was paralyzed on one side. I was terribly afflicted with rheumatism from 1869 to 1880. I was cured by Hunt's Remedy." STEPHEN G. MASON.

"My doctor pronounced my case Bright's Disease, and told me that I could live only forty-eight hours. I then took Hunt's Remedy, and was speedily cured." M. GOODSPEED.

"Having suffered twenty years with kidney disease, and employed various physicians without being relieved, I was then cured by Hunt's Remedy." SULLIVAN FENNER.

"I have been greatly benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy. For diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs there is nothing superior." A. D. NICKERSON.

ALBERT HOLT, Esq., paymaster Boston & Albany Railroad, writes: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do."

"I was unable to rise from bed from an attack of kidney disease. The doctors could not relieve me. I was finally completely cured by using Hunt's Remedy." FRANK R. DICKSON.

"I have suffered extremely with kidney disease; after using Hunt's Remedy two days, I was enabled to resume business." GEO. F. CLARK.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. Prices, 75 cents and $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, August 1, 1883.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourselves!

Postmaster-General Gresham having published a willful and malicious falsehood in regard to the character of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prizes paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Westcoat, Manager	$1,366,300
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President	463,900
Paid to State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President	88,550
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank E. L. Carriere, President	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier	37,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Tobin, Cashier	15,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchel, Cashier	8,200
Total paid as above	$2,253,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States	2,627,410
Total paid by all	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000.

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard, Commissioners. J. T. Early

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

AN UNEQUALED OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, November 13, 1883—1624 Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF $5000		10,000
5	do	do	2,000
10	do	do	1,000
20	do	do	500
100	do	do	200
300	do	do	100
500	do	do	50
1000	do	do	25
9	Approximation Prizes of $750		6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to		$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans. For further information write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Order payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

POSTAL NOTES and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of $5 and upwards by Express at our expense) to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Louisiana State Lottery!

For tickets or further information of the above Lottery address DAVE C. JOHNSTON, Covington, Ky.

PARLOR ORGANS 27 USEFUL STOPS. ONLY $75.00

INC

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

TABLE ETIQUET.

II.

A child's comments often contain a world of meaning. Down upon his knees, with his head bent in a listening attitude was a bright little fellow watching his cat lap the milk from a saucer.

"Mamma," he said at last, "why don't kittie make a noise as papa does when he has soup for dinner? I 'spect's," he continued meditatively, "it's cause she don't have to eat out of a spoon. She don't smack her lips either."

It would be well if nobody had to "eat out of a spoon" if the gurgling, sputtering, rattling sound with which many people dispose of soup could be done away with. I have seen persons dip up a large tablespoon so full of the liquid that it could not be carried to the mouth without spilling, then turn it endways and suck the contents into the mouth with a noise like a steam engine, following it up with a loud smack that was startling in its suddenness and intensity. This is no exaggeration and is much more common than you may, at first, imagine.

A truly well bred person eats noiselessly. If he is taking soup he fills his spoon two-thirds full and receives the contents from the side. He dispenses with the evidence of appreciation after it has been swallowed, but lets the fact of its eating show that it is agreeable to his taste. These things are simply marks of boorishness, and not to be tolerated in anybody young or old, at home or as a guest elsewhere. Of minor importance, is the rule not to crumble the bread into the soup, but to break it off into mouthfuls as you eat it. Etiquet also demands that at a dinner party you do not call for a second plate of soup. You are not expected to fill up entirely with the first course.

One of the most common violations of good manners at the table is the rushing of the food as if life depended upon getting down a certain amount within a given time. This is not only vulgar, but as I have said elsewhere, absolutely injurious. And yet the habit once formed from any cause whatever, is very difficult to break, and it is almost impossible to control the disposition even when a guest, and the hour does not press. Take plenty of time and you will not only enjoy what is passing around you, but there will be no danger of gorging yourself, as there is when you shovel it in so rapidly. The most desirable guest a host can have at his table is one who eats deliberately and yet with an air of quiet enjoyment, and who can thus have leisure to entertain and be entertained by pleasant conversation.

Now about the napkin. "What," you exclaim, "is there a fashion about that, too?"

Most certainly there is, and it now dictates that this article shall not be tucked under the chin or spread over the breast as used to be done, but a man must lay it open across his right knee, while a lady fastens it at the waist or a little above it. Never scrub you face with the napkin, nor wipe your forehead or nose with it, but only your mouth, and that gently. When the meal is over, if a napkin ring is provided, roll and place it therein. If not, simply lay it unfolded by the side of your plate.

It hardly seems necessary to say that the tea and coffee should not be poured into the saucer to cool preparatory to drinking, neither should it ever be blown upon for that purpose. Wait until you can take it comfortably from the cup, always remembering to lift the spoon out of it and place it in the saucer before drinking.* Be sure that it is cool enough not to scald your mouth before you attempt the operation. It is easy enough to ascertain this by sipping a little out of the side of your spoon. One of the funniest things I ever saw was an ill-at-ease guest at a table, who seized his cup, filled his mouth with the burning liquid, and in agonized despair swallowed it down, fairly writhing with the pain, at the same time endeavoring to look unconscious and happy. The contortions of his face were comical enough, but—and I want some of you young people who are ready to laugh at others' misfortunes to make a note of this—his brief, distressed look around the table did not detect the shadow of a smile or an appearance that he was noticed, except by the well trained, observant waiter, who quickly set a glass of ice water by his plate.

It is not considered polite to eat any kind of vegetables with a spoon. Use a fork always, and what you cannot convey to the mouth in this way leave in its dish. When corn is brought to the table on the ear, it should be eaten that way and never cut off with the knife. Fashion also prescribes that lettuce, whether with or without dressing, should never be cut, but folded with the fork and eaten in that way.

A very rude thing to do is to reject bits of bone or any substance that you may not wish to swallow by spitting it out upon your plate. A person with a weak stomach would be seriously disturbed by seeing such an operation. Quietly hold your fork to the lips and deftly eject the offending substance upon it and then place it upon your plate. And *never*, under any circumstances, express dislike or disgust at the table with whatever is placed before you by shoving it violently away, elevating the nose or bringing a look of contempt to the face. There is no law compelling anyone to eat what they do not like, but there is a law of good-breeding that will prevent fault-finding by word, look or gesture during the progress of a meal. Of course these last remarks apply more particularly to everyday life, for there are few persons who would be so absolutely boorish as to criticise the food at a table to which they come only as a casual guest.

Not long ago, at a hotel table, I heard a man order the waiter to bring himself and wife some pie, and "good, big pieces, too." My attention was attracted by the closing words uttered in a loud voice, and as I was observing modes of eating, I watched this. The pie was brought and they fell to work. Both discarded knives and forks and used their spoons. The crust was a little tough and such haggling and sawing as I saw done during the few minutes it took them to make away with this American compound, was a curiosity. Had the spoons been aught but heavy plated ones, there would have been little left except twisted pieces of metal. If I had not seen this exhibition, it would not have seemed so necessary to give the direction to always eat pie with a knife and fork, cutting it, if necessary, with the former and carrying it to the mouth with the latter. Puddings, except soft ones, are eaten with a fork, and jellies and creams with a spoon, always.

Haste in eating often causes a person to commit a breach of good manners by asking other guests to pass things when he should call upon the servant whose duty it is to wait upon the table. If there is no waiter then it is proper to speak to any one near the article desired, but do this quietly so as to attract as little attention as possible. In fact shun anything approaching to boisterousness at the table at all times. Be careful to handle everything in a way to avoid accidents, such as upsetting a glass of water, dropping your knife and fork, spilling the contents of your plate, etc.

But if you do chance to make such a mistake, keep cool over it. Do not allow yourself to get embarrassed or disconcerted. Make no comments upon your own blunders or those of others, but let them pass by with as little notice as possible. Most of you have heard of the man who was carving a goose, and handled his tools so carelessly that the fowl slipped off the platter and brought up in the lap of a finely-robed lady sitting next to him. One would suppose that he would have been overwhelmed with confusion. On the contrary, he turned quietly, and suavely said: "I would thank you for that goose, madam." Whether this case ever happened or not, it is a good illustration of the self-possession which one should always endeavor to maintain at any social gathering, and particularly at the festive board, where awkwardness is so extremely apparent. Keep your eyes open to what is passing around you, especially if you find yourself in scenes where the style of doing things is different from what you have been accustomed to, and you will be able to accommodate yourself to your surroundings, so that your ignorance of little points of fashionable etiquet will pass unnoticed. And speaking of this reminds me of an incident that illustrates what I have just said. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Feather Flowers.—Some one wishes to know how to make these pretty ornaments. They are not hard to make, but require considerable patience and deft handling to have them produce their best effect. Get a bunch of white geese feathers, of different sizes, and cut out leaves like the flowers to be copied. Get tube paints, such as are used for oil paintings. A tube each of chrome yellow, rose madder, clear white and Prussian blue, will be all the paints required to produce a lovely boquet. Paint the leaves carefully and with delicate touches, then lay them aside to dry. Make the stems of wire and the bulbs of equal parts of beeswax and rosin, molded carefully. When the leaves are dry stick them in the required form to the bulb. The stamens and pistils make of wire painted. Let the leaves lie 10 or 12 hours before using. Of course finer touches are to be learned from more elaborate instructions, but care and taste will do wonders even in this way.

Picture Frames.—Very pretty picture frames can be made of the brown pasteboard boxes that come around patent medicine, the kind that are ribbed like a washboard, on the inside. Cut in strips across the ribs. Cut a leaf of plain pasteboard, and crease to represent veins, and glue onto the corners. Varnish with shellac varnish, made by dissolving gum shellac in alcohol.

Another Air Castle for "Bach."—Cut 4 pieces of white paper of oval form, and about as large as a goose egg. Notch the edges in fine points. Fold each piece the long way and exactly in the center of the paper. Then lay them all together evenly, the folded sides being together, and beginning at the folded edge, cut three slashes of equal length, leaving a margin of ¼ of an inch uncut at the outer edge where the points are. These should be ¾ of an inch apart, and the center one should divide the paper in halves. Now take some quite stiff paper or pasteboard (collar boxes are nice) of any bright color and cut three circles whose diameter will just equal the slashes in the oval pieces. Unfold the leaves and lay them one upon another so the open places will come together. Take a needle and long, white thread, and begin at one end, right where the paper was folded, and sew them together. When you get to the first opening draw your needle through the center of one of your circles, having the bright side towards the bottom, and insert it into the opening. Then take a stitch between that and the next opening and insert another circle, and so on until you get all in, then fasten the leaves at the top and leave the thread. Now pull the leaves around on the circles so they will lean equal distances apart. Make four holes like this, and one larger one. Take a piece of hoopskirt wire, and make a hoop that shall measure four or five inches in diameter, and wind with a paper fringe, the same color as the circles, in the balls, and tie the balls to that so they will stand an equal distance apart, and so they will hang about two inches below it. Bring the ends of the thread up, and tie them together, being sure they are of the same length. Have them longer or shorter, according to the hight of the room. Hang upon a hook in the chamber floor, and fasten the large ball by a thread to the hook so it will hang in the center of the others, coming below just enough so as not to touch them.—GOODY TWO SHOES.

Broad Diamond Lace.—Cast on 34 stitches. Knit across plain. First row—k 3 —o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o twice—k 5. Second row—k 6—p 27—k 3. Third row—k 3 —o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o twice k 6. Fourth row—k 7—p 27—k 3. Fifth row —k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o —n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o twice—k 7. Sixth row—k 8—p 27—k 3. Seventh row—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—k 3 tog—o —k 7. Eighth row—k 3 tog—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—n—o—n—o twice—k 8. Eighth row—cast off 5—k 3—p 27—k 3. Ninth row —k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o —k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—n—o—n—o twice—k 4. Tenth row—k 5—p 27—k 3. Eleventh row —k 3—o—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3 —o—n—k 3—n—o—n—o—n—o twice—k 6. Twelfth row—k 7—p 27—k 3. Thirteenth row—k 3—o—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 8. Fourteenth row—k 9—p 27—k 3. Fifteenth row—k 3—o—n—o—k 7—o—k 3 tog—o—k 7 —o—k 3 tog—o—n—o—n—o twice—n—k 7. Sixteenth row—Cast off 5—k 3—p 27—k 3. Repeat from first row. Knit this pattern over twice, and you will then say it is pretty, and it looks better after it is washed once or twice.—M. E. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco County, Oregon.

Correspondence.

COMFORTING WORDS.—The members of our Household band have such a variety of topics to discuss, that it seems there is some word of cheer for every one. When I have read the sad words of bereaved mothers I have longed to pen them all a word of consolation, and last evening came a letter from a young mother in Illinois, asking for some thought to lighten the lonely hours since two bright boys were called from her side within a few days of each other, and as I dedicate these lines to the afflicted parents, J. H. and Melinda Clark, of Urbana, I give them to all who through like bereavements need our sympathy:

When tearful, pearly April showers
Wept o'er the budding earth;
When emerald leaves and sweet May flowers
Were bursting into birth,
A mother smiled on three fair boys;
She clasped them to her breast,
They reveled in the Spring-time joys,
'Twas long till evening rest.

When leaf and blossom, bird and tree
Were singing lithe and gay,
Then Death's dark angel crossed the lea
And bore her boys away.
But one was left the hours to cheer,
Grief's shadow dimmed the sky—
Two narrow graves—to them so dear,
Within the churchyard lie.

Yet sorrow not in dark despair;
These lovely earthly ones
Have been transformed to jewels rare
In Heaven's radiant bowers.
The flowers we rear with tenderness
Are doomed to fade and die;
Oh! mourn not for the fair, bright ones
That bloom eternally.

—EMMA C. STOUT, Fairmount, Ind.

ABOUT MONTANA.—I saw a communication in your paper from M. A. Williams, of this place, who makes use of the following words: "I want to advise those who are contemplating a change, not to come to Montana, especially single ladies," and then goes on to state, "There is no society here for old baches without principle, wanting to marry every girl who comes along." There is always two sides to a question. I would state: There is no country where you are welcomed more warmly or treated more kindly by entire strangers than here, and any one with energy, pluck and perseverence will surely succeed in whatever they may undertake. We cannot expect to find society here, as it is in the States where every advantage can be had But we have here good society, if one wishes to cultivate it. Our young men are not so utterly devoid of principle as the writer seems to think. They want wives, it is true, but they want good and pure women, not every and any one who comes along. He further states: "This is a dry, burned up country, adapted to nothing but sage, prickly pear and alkali." Our lives are just what we make them; so it may be said of our homes. If we come here and do nothing but talk of what we used to have, and not try to build up our new homes, how can we expect to overcome these difficulties. In the States we had to remove vast forests ere we could build our houses. Here we have only short sage, which can be cut and bound, and the prickly-pear or cactus is easily got rid of by burning. I have seen as fine and much larger vegetables grown here than in the States; we are too apt to expect too much from a new country. Wherever our houses are there is work to be done, and with but half the labor we expended on our gardens East we have double the return here, and the rich bottom land is especially adapted to the raising of all kinds of small fruit and vegetables.

MAMELON.

A GOOD THING.—I have learned so many good and useful things from the HOUSEHOLD department that I should feel very selfish to receive so much and give nothing, when I think I know of a good thing, which probably not many of you do.

When "F. H. P." gave us her "Boil and save rubbing" plan of washing, had she said boil your calicos the same, I fear I should not have had the courage to try it. As some one else has said before, I had made up my mind never to try another easy way of washing, and I should certainly have thought that is just a little "too too." But as she had it written it did sound so nice that I made up my mind to give it a trial, and the result was such that I have been one of her enthusiastic followers ever since, preaching wherever I could get hearers, but I kept on as of old, rubbing my colored clothes in moderately warm water, thinking there never would be any better way brought to light for them. But, my dear sisters, I have discovered for myself that there is an easier and better way. It came about thus: I was visiting a friend who don't take the BLADE. I was proclaiming the merits of the boiling before rubbing and she said, "that is the way mother sets the color in her black calico."

At this time I had a new dress that needed washing, and I knew from washing some sleevelets I had of the same that it would look very dingy and was grieving very much over the necessity of spoiling its good looks, for washed it must be. After coming home I set to thinking over what she had said, and I said within myself if it will set the color in black, why won't it set it in a very dark brown. I thereupon threw some pieces into some boiling suds and after boiling a considerable length of time they came out just as bright as they went in. Of course then the dress went through the boiling process, and after it was starched and ironed on the wrong side, it looked just as well as when first made. One thing that struck me with astonishment was that the white figure in it was just as clear white as when it lay on the counter. Since then I have tested a great many pieces of calico, gingham and shirting, and so far as my test extends, I find that anything that fades with boiling fades in washing the old way and the white in them is far clearer.

I consider this discovery quite an item to us farmer's wives who have those heavy, sweaty men's shirts to wash, for they require only one-tenth of the rubbing we used to give them. I wish some one who has made a success of washing white clothes in this way would give this a test and report. Be wise, however, and test some scraps first for I don't want you to spoil your garments and then pour out your wrath on my poor head.

Of course "Peggy" won't give the matter a moment's consideration.

Perhaps it would be a favor to all washing machine agents if I would here notify them that they need waste no time hitching their pony to our hitching post, for I have no use whatever for a machine, not even for quilts, for I boil them, too; yes, and I boil my red tablecloths.

Well, I must say no more, or you will all think I have a boiling mania. Very well, so long as it is labor saving, and answers the purpose better, I shall certainly boil.

I have been badly put out lately with a leaky wash boiler, and we live 40 miles from any place where we can get it fixed. That husband of mine thought he could fix it. So he inverted in a stick of solder, and armed with the stove hook, he called for that hole to come into the august presence of Spoopendyke and get soldered. Well, he succeeded in stopping the hole so a rag can't get through, but the water seeps out all the same. Can't some of you suggest some kind of daubing that will stick? I have tried flour and dough, but the seeping water soon washes it off. It makes me very unhappy on wash day.

Take a damp, flannel cloth, dip it in common baking soda, and rub that dingy coffee pot and tea kettle. I did that to-day. It brightens like magic. The idea is not original; I read it. I am not done experimenting with the soda yet. It is splendid help in dish-water, for I have tried it.—MRS. D. E. B., Aleyone, Sheridan Co., Kan.

FROM "GOODY TWO SHOES."—For the sick, and suffering, and sorrow-stricken ones of the HOUSEHOLD I feel great sympathy. Ah! grief is hard to bear from any cause whatever. In all ages of the world the language of the stricken heart has been, "Whose sorrow is like, unto my sorrow?" It is as natural to desire the sympathy of our fellow beings when afflicted, as it is for the sparks to fly upward. True, all people are not constituted alike; some must suffer in silence, their troubles hidden deep in the recesses of their own hearts, while others crave and must have the sympathy of others to keep the heart from breaking beneath the weight of its grief. Life has its joys and sorrows, its lights and shades, its moments of gladness and its "vale of tears." While many are enjoying the blessings of health, loving friends, happy homes, and everything that makes life a "treasure sublime," others are compelled to take deep drafts from the cup of sorrow, and tread the thorny paths of affliction. Yes, "Jessie Lee," you and all the happy ones, bring all the joy, and cheer, and sunshine you can into the HOUSEHOLD. Paint bright pictures, and weave lovely garlands with which to adorn its walls, but do not turn away the sad and weary ones of earth who come there for sympathy and comfort. A kind word now and then may prove a "cup of cold water" to some fainting soul.

"For, as day, to shine bright,
Needs a background of night,
So grief must be pencilled with gladness;
And the light of a smile,
More than once in awhile,
Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."

"Invalid Girl," Normanville, Kan.. hundreds of miles lie between your home and mine, but many times during the past months, have my thoughts wandered to you, and your "caged pinions" on your far away home. When the last New Year dawned I too was blest with aged parents, who with "steps feeble and slow," had long cared for their invalid child, but ere the month was gone, dear mother was lying in her coffin bed sleeping peacefully underneath the cold, white snow, unmindful alike of the sorrow of those she had left behind, or the pitiless storms of Winter beating upon her lonely grave. Before we could fully realize the terrible truth, the weary feet, which had so often run on errands of love for us, were at rest, the the tired hands folded over her pulseless heart, and her soft, white hair laid smoothly upon her marble brow, and kind friends came to sympathize with us, and look for a few brief moments upon the sweet face grown so strangely young in death, ere they bore her away, and left us with aching hearts, to be cared for henceforth by strange hands. But oh! can other hands, however kind, do for us as a mother can? Old, worn and calloused with toil they may be, but no touch so gentle as hers. Do not many of you who read this, recall justas vividly to-day the look and form of the hands that soothed you in your infantile years, and led you through childhood up to mature years, as though it were only yesterday that the coffin-lid hid them forever from your sight?

"One of the shut-ins," Mrs. Kate S. Burr, Walworth, N. Y., is herself the headquarters of the Shut-in Society. If you wish to become a member, send name and address to her.

I see before my minds eye a very lovely picture. You, sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, are the artists. I am very much afraid it will prove to be only an "Air Castle," but whether it does or not depends upon you. "Why, what can it be?" do you ask. Well, hush, all of you! At present our editor must not know a thing about this. Oh! don't we wish she was just now riding that "Hobby" away up among the "Rockies," or resting, "soldier's-fashion," with sticks and blocks of wood for a bed, and listening to the music of mountain rills. Well, now, sisters, let's all sit right down and piece, paint, or embroider a silk block, of any hue or design that you wish; each of the four sides of which shall *exactly* measure six inches by the square. Write or embroider your nom-de-plume on it, and enclose in an envelope and send to the "Ed." to be arranged in its framing of silk, as her taste dictates. Some of the blocks might represent your nom-de-plume, and what a variety! for have we not flowers in profusion? "Moss rose," "Bridal rose," and "Rose geranium," "Dahlia" and "Sunflower," "Lilly and Pansy." Then we have lovely "Wood moss," Star," "Gipsy" and a little "Puss," curled upon a cushion. Last, but not least, I think we may expect "A Budget from over the Mountain." I forgot to tell you these were for a silk bedquilt, but, of course, you know. For a center piece for one side of the quilt, I would have the motto "Health and Beauty," for the other side (for it must have two sides) a plain presentation block. There is one blemish on my picture. We cannot all meet at the "quilting."

For many months our Editor has toiled with pen and brain, that we might know how to obtain and keep the blessings of Health and Beauty. Shall we not show our appreciation of her kindness?—GOODY TWO SHOES.

A PEN PICTURE.—It is shadowy as well as fragmentary, this picture that I would show you. Here and there across the dusky, dimpling waters are quivering trails of a faint golden light; how lovely, to me at least, are those tiny bright paths of soft light that shiver and shatter with every wave or ripple, and yet exist for hour, a bright and golden bridge 'twixt earth and heaven.

The last faint echo of the thrush's sweet song—you almost hear it dying on the Summer air as you see him "drop down eagerly to join his brown mate on her nest." One sees the beds of myrtle as they glitter in the starshine as tho' each thick dark leaf were bathed in molten silver.

"Oh, stilly calm! Oh, peaceful Summer night.
There's not in all the long June days an hour
so sweet and bright.
As when the eve begins with dew the flowercups
to fill,
And lilies float upon the moat, and 'yond the
pine-clad hill
Ariseth up the evening star, with silver lamps
on high,
And 'plaining zephyrs thro' the leaves of river
poplars sigh;
When from her couch Asterope comes a dark-
browed queenly queen,
And throws her purple star-strewn veil across
the peaceful scene."

There! What do you think of that for a sweet, still, sleepy, Summer-night's scene? One can feel the holy stillness and can realize the high hills and the green, plumey trees upon their tops; you almost catch the odor of the waxen lilies as they nestle in snowy sweetness upon the cool, dark waters where the stars play hide-and-seek with their own soft shadows.

Naturally, an old grey-stone tower arises to view, a tower green and shadowy, with ropes of rich old ivy gracefully draping and curling about the chimneys and windows of the tower. And a balcony, sweet and small, steals upon the mind, just before an open window, where rare plants are blooming; and a silken curtain sways lightly on the soft night air.

And fair, sweet maidenhood is there. One sure, straight moonbeam glides in at that dusky, odorous window and reveals a dear maid—dreaming, it may be, star-reading, waiting—what you will.

She is very young and fair, sweet 16, perhaps, or sweeter 17. Her face is like a lily bud, her hair, a soft, silky cloud of yellow sunshine, is like the gold in the pearls of the lilies on the moat, and her eyes—ah, Heaven! Your heart stands still as you gaze into their slumberous, purple depths and read what *may be* when Passion polishes their brilliance! Ah, she as yet, is only Dreaming-Long may it be, dear maid, before you sit as model for a Waiting.

Then she will stand in golden corn-fields, amongst the crimson poppies, and her glowing pansy-eyes—I fear to fancy them—will look luminously across the bowing, bending billows of ripening wheat; but now in her soft, mild, creamy draperies, with her floating golden hair she is a pure, cool, sweet, gracious gem of girlhood. Ah, dear God, spare her, keep her ever so! Tears well up within my eyes to think that she must, some day, change.

She is now a charming dream in gold and white.

Yet, a richer bit of color may be there. Peeping, perhaps, across my Snow Girl's shoulders, holding aside the silken curtain with one white, impatient poem of a hand is some rich rose of womanhood.

She is different, yet magnificent. She has stood within the golden cornfields, her slender feet have kissed the glowing poppies, and no wonder as the mellow moonlight falls within her rich, immense brown eyes that your heart begins to flutter. That crimson-ripe mouth, those glorious, ripe grand eyes, those rich, warm cheeks, the graceful poise of her nutbrown head, the willowy elegance of this waiting woman, the brilliant eagerness of those sun-like eyes would meet and stir the soul of Scotland's icy Wallace!

Now one can understand the impatient eagerness of the thrush as he "drops down to join his brown mate on her nest."

One almost knows what it may be to love as they gaze on this rich ripe rose of womanhood.

God gives roses, sweet and grand—crimson, cardinal and white as snow; and He gives us the waxen tube-roses, silvery queens of tropic bloom, rich in incense, that bewilders one with its passionate fragrance, and He gives us, for which we give Him thanks and praise, the wee wild violets, the frail sweet-brier roses, the pale forget-me-nots and the stately lilies—lilies cool and white as snow—and lilies grand in gold and scarlet.

Well, we praise God for *all* his mercies!

And women are but flowers given souls.

Listen! Do you not hear that soft whispering sigh—not almost feel that soft, breezy caress upon your brow, of the zephyrs through the poplar leaves? Do you not hear the rippling sound of the water as it rolls and breaks upon the sandy, shining shore?

And the golden evening star, a radiant globe whose mellow light softly falls on tree, on hill, and on the rippling shadowy river, and intensifies the perfumed shades of wood and vale—nothing can exceed the exquisite loveliness of that comparison: "A dark-browed queenly queen, who throws her purple star-strewn veil across the peaceful scene."

And with soft night dews rising from sleeping flowers in the vale, we will leave our maidens dreaming 'till the light to morn shall pale.

"Oh, stilly calm! Oh, peaceful Summer night,
There's not in all the long June days an hour so
sweet and bright."

—RALPH DOUGLAS, Quincy, Ill.

TO "LEARNER'S" INQUIRY ABOUT MUSIC. I dislike to intrude my views upon the musical subject upon those who do not care to hear about them, but I receive a great many letters asking for help. To "Learner" I would answer, she can tell very soon whether she has the talent and love for the study required to learn, teach, and compose music. A good way for her to proceed is to practice major scales and the minors relative to them, using every note on the key-board, and count the different kinds of time every day. Also sing them over as high and low as the voice will permit; also sing the chromatic scale. I do not in teaching use many of the little exercises in instructors.

To compose music one must know of thoro bass. Do not get a difficult instructor at first; use one of the primers, then a more advanced one. To compose music, to publish and sell it, requires energy, great patience, hopefulness, and hard, hard study. Many rejected manuscripts, with sneering criticisms, have been returned to me, but I noted my mistakes and tried again and again, and finally won the day. Harmony and thoro bass was the trouble as the publishers said "I had nice compositions but I lacked that." I have in my mind a plain, home, common sense instructor, with the musical signs and foreign expressions simply and concisely explained in good, plain English. Written music can be made plain, even a child could learn it easily, were it divested of its many flourishes.

Dash, spirit, or sweetness in rendering, make inferior pieces sound well. A player must have it. My success in teaching is because I cut down every attempt at flourishing. The rudiments must be there. I will not have it otherwise. No half way practice will do. But I have never had any trouble with pupils, or asked for one pupil. I teach a number of married ladies now, the mother of grown daughters, and have also music teachers offered to me as pupils, who are older than I am.

"Learner" must perfect in time and scales and read easily and fast, play any and everything by sight, but not memorize, read music without playing, be as familiar as if it were the almanac, when she "makes up something pretty" take it down on music paper, making the bars, clefs and all the flats and sharps.

I have had a hard struggle to succeed in musical and literary work. So many rebuffs have I had, only now am I reaping the reward of my four years labor. My last waltz and new song repay me well, and my publisher is glad for me. Only to-day he sent me a bank check that would in my first year have delighted me wonderfully. I am not afraid of coming to want, my kind father and four brothers would make life easy for me, but I realize one must be self-helpful or be supported by some one. I think the Lord will require us to answer for the way precious time is spent. "Learner" must also learn to turn a deaf ear to gossips and envious so-called friends, who will try to attend matters for her. Wishing her and the many others who have written to me success, I am an admirer of the Beauty organ and their friend.—ELLA GUERNSEY, Henryville, Ind.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell how to grow orange trees? I have tried several times, and when they get about eight inches high they stop growing and die. Will Mrs. E. L Burdick please give her full address?—F. H. M., box 864, Meadville, Pa.

What time of the year is best to trim evergreens? Can any one tell me if the Japanica fruit is good for anything, or is used any way?—MRS. R.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me whether it is proper for a girl to clerk in a dry goods store? Is it profitable? What qualifications are necessary?—MAY.

Will you please inform me through the HOUSEHOLD how an Afghan should be made and of what material it should be composed? Could square cloth of any material, embroidered, correctly be called an Afghan?—MRS. S. W. BURDICK, Hart, Oceana Co., Mich.

Can any one of our Southern friends send me seeds of the "China tree" that grows in the South. I gathered seed of one of our hardy, mild flowers, that any one can have if they will send postage to send them.—MRS. F. WILLIAMSON, Dexter, Cosley County, Kan.

"Dema" wants to know something about the homestead lands of Dred County, Mo. There is none but what is very broken and covered with rocks. I would like to correspond with some reliable person near the Missouri river and near a creamery, with the view of buying a small farm and going into the dairy business. Any person can address me at Dudenville, Jasper County, Mo.—A. W. MCMILLAN.

Will some reader of the BLADE inform me how to stuff and preserve birds so that they will look as natural as life?—CHARLES HUFF.

Will some one please send a sure cure for rheumatism? My father suffers from it, and is not able to walk much.

I would like to have some one tell us how to make worsted flowers.—FAITH.

Will "Bertha White" explain what tto means in the oak leaf pattern, she put in the BLADE of Sept. 13, 1883?—LU. CATLIN, Custer Co., Neb.

Tto means throw thread over.—ED.

Will some one give a good recipe for coloring seal brown? I have a snuff-brown dress, colored by Dr. Chases' recipe. I do not like the color. Please tell me if it can be colored a good seal brown. I am anxious to know as soon as possible.—WIDOW SANILAC.

Can in-experienced teachers do the work of an experienced teacher, and should they receive the same pay!—W. F. B.

Certainly not, to both questions. Experience is capital invested.—ED.

Will Mrs. Lizzie L. Speck re-write and correct her directions for knitted lace in the BLADE of Oct. 4th? There are several errors in it. The edging in same number is also incorrect. Will some one please tell me how many skeins of Germantown yarn are required for a knitted hood for an adult and also some nice way of knitting or crocheting one? Also some new way of crocheting mittens?—A SUBSCRIBER, Stanley, Neo.

Will those who send knitting patterns be very careful to write plain? We are very careful to read them twice over by copy, and yet with all this such complaints as the above are frequent, and must be the fault of the writers.—ED.

Where can I get a book entitled the "Problem of Human Life;" can not give the author? Can the BLADE tell me where I can get a book entitled "Peter Wilkins; or, the Flying Islanders?" I can not remember the author.—RICHARD HENDERSON.

Send to some large book store and ask them to look over their catalog and see who publishes them.—ED.

Will some one in Joel County, Kansas, please inform me through the columns of the BLADE if a carpenter could get work, what wages could he get, what rent he would have to pay for any land not entered, etc., as we are thinking of locating there in the Spring?—MRS. ROBERT ATHERTON.

In writing to the Pension Commissioner how should I address my letter?—L. DEPOY, Coesse, Ind.

Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

"Grass Widow" would like to ask through your columns who was the author of the verses entitled "Growing Old Gracefully."

Will the subscriber who inquires "how to feed silk worms with osage orange," and says she lives where it abounds, and wishes to engage in the business, send me her address, as I would like to correspond with her on the subject?—L. J. WILLIAMS, Leslie, Mich.

A letter is here awaiting the address of Elmer Whipple, Dakota, also one for "June."—ED.

Will some one tell me how to make pork cake, also cornstarch cake?—MRS. C. R. CHURCH, Evart, Osceola Co., Mich.

Would any one tell me how to make feather flowers, also how to make flowers out of white wadding? Cannot some one tell how to crochet the star stitch?—GOODY TWO SHOES.

Answers to Inquiries.

If you who are troubled with pimples will, after washing your face, take a towel and rub your face and neck until it is all aglow; I think you will be pleased with the result. At first your face will look worse, but try it once a day for a month.—M. D.

I wish to tell "M. E. C." those chills can be cured by taking 25 cents worth of quinine, divide in five doses, take one every two hours the day you do not have the ague; at night take a dose of rhubarb, or some physic. Now you have the ague broken, but to cure it, commence the next morning taking a syrup composed of extract of sarsaparilla, 3 ozs.; extract dandelion, 2 ozs.; ginsing, 2 ozs. Put it in a can, sweeten to taste, and put in ½ lb. of raisins. Dose, 1 teaspoonful three times a day. Keep this in a cool place or you will be obliged to put in liquor to keep it from souring. I have known people to cure those chills by taking a lemon, squeeze the juice in a teacup, sweeten it and drink it just before going to bed. You can take the lemon juice while taking the syrup. It will not interfere with it.—EXPERIENCE.

"Subscriber" wants to know how to raise silk worms on Osage orange. I started in the business this Summer with Osage orange, which, I think, is just as good as the mulberry. It is fed just the same. I sent some of my silk to Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, Philadelphia, to have it reeled. She says it reeled the nicest of any she ever had. I think it is very nice and easy work with but very little outlay. It is a business adapted to women and children and easy to learn.—H. W. SAWNEY, Ottawa, Ks.

"Constant Reader," the postage-stamp flirtation (as I have it) is as follows: Left corner reversed, I love you; do. straight, I wish to be rid of your correspondence; do. crossways, I love another; foot of right corner, crossways, no; do. reversed, yes; foot of left corner, do you love me? do. reversed, write soon; do. crossways, I wish to have your acquaintance; right corner, reversed, friendship; do. straight, business; opposite side in corner, accept me as your lover; do. reversed, I am engaged; do. crossways, who cares?

"Beatrice," in BLADE of October 4, are you the same person who wrote to the BLADE almost a year ago, giving directions for making rick-rack? If so, please give your address.

If "Tansy" also will give her address, I will send her a very pretty pattern for a paper-holder.—JESSIE.

I would like to say to "Luella M.," to try turpentine for her paint brushes. That will soften and clean them.—JOSIE A.

If "red faced" "Reader" will take medicine that will thin the blood I think she will find it will help her. Take ½ teaspoonful of sulphur every day for one week, then take an even teaspoonful of salts every day for a week; then get prickly ash bark, steep it and drink the tea for awhile. A piece of saltpeter as large as a pea taken every day—not also good, if tried the foregoing remedies alternately for about three years (not every day) and I'm no longer described as "The woman with such a red face," and my health is just as good. Let me add if the readers who have "those pimples on the face" will use the above remedies, also wash the face in water as hot as you can bear it, wet the face with camphor before going out into the air to be out for a length of time; also wash it with sulphur soap occasionally, they will get better. Try these prescriptions. Your face can't be worse than mine was, but is now cured.—EXPERIENCE.

Tell "Luella M." to use lard to take off the tar from her wine-colored silk, and then use the following mixture to take out the lard: Aqua ammonia, 2 ozs.; saltpeter, 1 teaspoonful; variegated shaving soap, about 1 oz.; soft water, 1 qt. Scrape or grate the soap to make it dissolve readily, and mix all in a glass or stone jug.

This makes an excellent shampoo, and is good for a thousand other things. Its affinity is for grease, and it will not injure the finest fabric.

If "M. E. C." will send address with the requisite postage to Box 204, Durango, La Plata County, Colorado, I will send some of the mountain sage spoken of by the editor.

If the "Dude" is such a thing as he is generally pictured in the papers, a good, stout piece of hemp, with the proper noose at one end and around his neck, with the other end firmly attached to a limb of a tree, would be the most appropriate engagement ring I know of. Otherwise (which I suppose is the case), a neat, plain gold band is, to my way of thinking, the best, neatest and tiffest engagement ring in existence. Of course, though, that would not be flashy enough for a dude.—CINQUITO MERCHACHO.

Some one wanted a cure for a bunion. Pencil it with iodine. It is a sure cure, if persevered in.

"Ida," Mechanisburg, Pa.: For a book of prose for your friend get Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," or "Between the Gates," by B. F. Taylor. For poems get Holland's "Bitter Sweet," or "Mistress of the Manse."—MRS. F. WILLIAMSON.

Recipes.

Soft Gingerbread.—1 cupful of butter or lard, 2 cupfuls of molasses, 1 cupful of brown sugar, 2 cupfuls of sour milk, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger and 7 cupfuls of flour.

Jelly Cake.—1 cupful of milk, ¾ cupful of butter, 1 egg, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of lemon, 1¾ cupfuls of flour. Please try and report success.—M. A. H.

Grape Jelly.—Boil grapes and strain through a sieve or cloth, put juice over, and boil 20 minutes, and skim off all the scum. Weigh the same quantity of white sugar and boil long enough to dissolve well.

Apple Jelly.—Pare tart apples and cut them up; put to them a little water, and let them boil until it becomes glutinous and reduced; then strain it; put 1 lb. of white sugar to each pint of juice; flavor with lemon essence and boil until it is clear, and then strain.—MRS. M. B. W.

White Cream Candy.—To 8 lbs. of granulated sugar take ½ pt. of sweet cream, ½ pt. water, Dissolve 1 teaspoonful best cream tartar, using a brass kettle, altho porcelain or granite iron would do, dissolving and cooking slowly at first. Do not stir or it will grain. Take a dish of cold water, dipping the finger into water thence into the syrup, rubbing off any grain that adheres to side of kettle, rubbing but a short distance at a time, putting in water quickly. So continue at intervals until wax that adheres to the fingers becomes brittle like glass. Pour on marble or plates greased with fresh butter or lard, pull as soon as cool enough to

HOP BITTERS.

IF AND IF.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness take heed, if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and disjointed, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will cure you."

"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will surely strengthen you."

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case."

"Or, if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating; if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health and vigor."

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters costing but a trifle.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

It is Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and subsequent periods.

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THE KIDNEYS COMPLAINT AND WEAKNESS of either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the human system, and for all complaints arising from Impure Blood, or the consequent debility, it is unsurpassed.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

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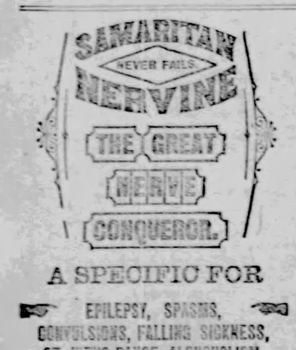

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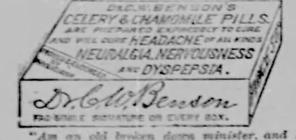

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Japan Clover.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

So many of your readers have requested, by letter, further information about Japan Clover, *Lespedeza Striata*, I will answer in a single letter through the BLADE, because I can that way inform them more fully and satisfactorily. As to how it came here no one knows. It has been said that it might have come in here from Japan, like Dr. Thompson's primordial moss, on a stray meteorite; but more probably it did not. Yet there seems to be some occult relationship between the vegetable evolution of North Carolina and Japan, quite independent of any possible or supposable intercommunication. The famous Shortia found by Michaux in "the mountains of North Carolina," a century ago, and re-discovered by Hyams only three years since in McDowell County, after half a century's search, was found a few years earlier, *perfectly at home*, in the middle of Japan. Seventeen years ago Japan clover was found here, occupying an area not exceeding 10 feet square, but, from its rare fecundity, it now covers thousands of acres, upon which all kinds of stock browse and keep fat and sleek, while the yield in beef and lacteal products is increased a hundredfold. Our worn-out, exhausted, and turned-out lands that have hitherto yielded nothing but that worse than useless weed, broomsedge, *Andropogon Scoparius*, now have in its stead a beautiful carpet of the most nutritious verdure. This plant grows anywhere and on any kind of soil, rich or poor, high or low land, wet or dry. It has been found in luxuriant growth on the summits of the Blue Ridge, at a hight of 4,000 feet. It will catch and grow luxuriantly where neither red clover, nor any of the clovers proper will get catch or grow at all; unlike them, it never runs out, is perennial and requires no care or cultivation whatever. Grazing does not destroy, injure or retard its spreading, but on the contrary seems to greatly assist in its propagation by scattering the seed over the cattle's range. When it becomes desirable to cultivate land upon which it grows, and it soon impregnates the poorest land with a high degree of fertility. It is as easily destroyed with the plow as peas or red clover, and when turned under it rapidly decomposes, filling the soil with the same chemical elements of fertility and red clover or pea-vines. It really has no equal as a fattener of stock and improver of the soil. It will grow on the naked clay, and seems capable even of substantiating the soil for itself for its own use while it restores the latter out of the subsoil, and thus it draws its supples from the depth to improve and enrich the poorest soil. By its use all our old fields, roadsides, fence corners, and other waste places are utilized; useless and noxious plants are displaced to the great improvement of the landscape, and at the same time utilizing that large proportion of the surface of most farms so often presenting to the eye only idle and worse than useless blanks and blotches, mantling them with a beautiful covering of valuable pasturage, and that at a time when it is most needed, and its deeply penetrating root enables it to withstand a drouth far better than any other plant ever known here. It is now all the way from six inches to three feet high, notwithstanding our severe and lasting drouth, from May up to September. On page 324, United States Agricultural Report, 1879, its value is given as follows: Value per ton of dry substance, $20.35; value per ton as hay, with 14.3 of moisture, $17.44. The following is its analysis compared with red clover, Lespedoza strinta—Nitrogenous matter, 1.26; fat, 4.1; ash, 5.93; lime, .99; magnesia, .56; potash, .88; soda, .51; p. acid, .39; s. acid, .20. Red clover—Nitrogenous matter, 12.3; fat, 3.0; ash, 5.65; lime, 1.92; magnesia, .63; potash, 1.96; soda, .09; p. acid, .56; s. acid, .17. This shows its fattening quality greater than red clover, and its superior utility as an improver of the soil. It has more ash, half as much potash, two-thirds of the phosphoric acid, and more sulphuric acid.

J. W. WALKER.

Franklinton, N. C., Oct. 8, 1883.

Plowing and Sowing.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I know of people who call themselves good farmers, who plow their ground in the fall for spring crops, in the Spring, two or three weeks before sowing, therefore allowing the soil to become subject to the direct rays of the sun, which can do it no good. Now, I believe the sooner ground is sown after being plowed the better it will be for it; then the growing crop will shade the ground and prevent the sun's rays down so hard. I am a young farmer. Two years ago I ran in the streets of a village, but now I had rather do *all* the work on a farm than play marbles on the streets. Let us hear more on his subject of plowing from the older ones.

—FLOWBOY, Addison, N. Y.

Profit in Apples.

A writer in the *N. E. Farmer* thus sets forth the profit there is in apples:

Land set with apple trees and well cared for, becomes the most valuable part of the farm. One acre of land set with trees 30 feet apart each way will contain about 50 trees. If these trees are well cared for, in 10 years they will be worth $10 each, or $500 per acre. Ten acres of such orchard would be worth $5,000. The apples which had been produced during the first 10 years ought to be sufficient to pay all the cost of care and culture. Then there remains an increase in the value of the farm of $5,000—a handsome increase in property to be made in 10 years. Besides, a farmer having such an orchard would be in position to do a profitable business in orcharding. During the next 10 years these trees ought to average at least a barrel of fruit each per year, and perhaps there would be two barrels each. But at only one barrel each there would be 50 barrels per acre, or 500 barrels on the 10 acres, which at $2 per barrel would be $1,000 per year as the income from the orchard. Such an addition to the income of almost any New England farm, would greatly improve the owner's financial affairs in a very satisfactory condition. After the trees had attained the size of 15 years, the yield per tree would be likely to average from two to four barrels per year, or from 100 to 200 barrels per acre, or from 1,000 to 2,000 barrels per year from the 10 acres, affording a more substantial income than the average merchant or professional man obtains. Such results are attainable on any good fruit farm where the soil is suitable and the location favorable. If some of the young men who are uneasy and want to get away from the farm, because farming does not pay very well, would set themselves resolutely at work to start a good orchard, they would soon bring the revenues of the farm into satisfactory condition.

Numerous instances of profitable orchards might be cited, but a few will suffice. A farmer in Vassalboro, Me., in 1848, broke up a piece of pasture land containing one and five-eighths acres, and planted it to potatoes and corn. In the Spring of 1849 he set it to apple trees, setting 140 trees on the piece. During the six or seven years following, the land was alternately planted and sown to grain, then seeded to clover, and subsequently pastured with sheep. In 1863, 14 years from setting, he sold 106 barrels of apples for $265; in 1864, 70 barrels sold for $160; in 1865, 10 years from setting, he sold 104 barrels for $616; and in 1866 he sold 160 barrels for $607; each year reserving six or eight barrels for family use not included in the above. No other use to which he could have put the land would have returned so large an income. In the report of the New York State Agricultural Society, 1869, there is an account of an orchard near Cuylerville, in which the crop on seven acres was 2,200 barrels, which sold for $6,600, or nearly $1,000 per acre. It is also stated that the product of 80 trees in Alexander, N. Y., in 1865, growing on three acres, was 1050 bushels, which sold for $1575, and the fruit from 33 Northern Spy trees in Middlebury, N. Y., sold for $900. Four Greening trees in LeRoy, N. Y., yielded 160 bushels; one Baldwin tree in Perry, N. Y., yielded 42 bushels.

Concentrated Fertilizers.

Another year's experience convinces me more and more that all kinds of concentrated manures are of most importance when used with barnyard manure. Take any of our succulent, growing vegetables, such as cabbage and celery, and I do not think any of the commercial fertilizers are sufficient in themselves to carry a crop of either to full maturity, unless the ground for years before has been heavily manured with well-rotted barnyard manure, and less exhaustive crops grown than either cabbage or celery. A good test of this we have had the present season. During the early part of it we had abundance of rain which stimulated everything into rampant growth; the dry weather followed, and unless a heavy manuring of well-decayed manure was supplied in the Spring, the crops failed to fully mature, owing to lack of food to maintain the strong, rampant growth which started in the Spring. The greatest strain upon the soil is when the crops are maturing, and if the supply is deficient at this time, the crops will not amount to much. Now, if the stimulant be some one of the many fertilizers, and used alone, the early rains making them soluble creates a strong, rampant growth in the plants, which require to maintain an abundant supply of food, which, however, by the dry weather setting in, stops the solubility of the manure, and as a consequence the plants starve—at the time they require the greatest amount of food, they have the smallest. If the ground, in addition to the supply of concentrated fertilizers, has had a good dressing of barnyard manure, which, when the dry weather sets in, is not so soon affected and continues supplying sufficient food to plants to bring them to maturity, all will be right.

For Autumn wheat and other Fall-sowed crops, which come to maturity generally before the dry weather sets in, any good brand of fertilizer, possessed of all the properties which the soil on which it is used is deficient, is enough of itself to raise and mature a heavy crop; but with such crops as come to maturity during the dry season, something else than phosphates or superphosphates is required, unless the season has been an exceptionally wet one.—*M. Milton, in Ohio Farmer.*

Eggs or Table Fowls?

"Which yields the better or greater profit?" inquires an experimenter. Perhaps the former, if we cultivate the right breeds for egg production. A good way to calculate this problem is to select the sort of fowls that will, in proportion to size, yield you the largest average number of eggs in a given time.

Two dozen eggs, at the best market rate for fresh ones, will bring about the price of a common fowl's dressed carcass. If you cultivate only the ordinary barnyard fowls, or the lesser-sized birds, like the Leghorns, for example, you may get so goodly a product of eggs (in numbers) in a season, as to make these pay you better than will the fowl itself, merely as dressed poultry. The Leghorns will lay a good many eggs in a year, with a *fair* chance, and good keeping. It costs, to support these small fowls, less than it does to feed the Asiatics, while the eggs are being grown. And, in the market, "an egg is an egg." The same remarks apply to the Hamburgs and Polish. Therefore, ordinarily we find that, if you have a ready market that will pay roundly for good fresh eggs, you can make egg farming more profitable than raising fowls principally for their flesh.—*Am. Poultry Yard.*

Wood Peckers in Apple Trees.

An observant correspondent of the *South and West* tells what the wood-pecker does in the apple tree: "On a cold day last March, I was attracted by an unusual number of the small red-headed wood-peckers about the orchard. Taking my stand quietly behind a fence, I watched their motions. I observed that they confined their attentions principally to the old apple and pear trees, particularly those that had the roughened bark. I took an old apple tree for the field of my investigations, and found they had made innumerable little rings of small, round holes around the tree through the bark. Being determined to find out what they were after, I took a clasp-knife and carefully raised the bark. I could detect nothing for some time, but at length I cut under the bark in a new spot yet untouched by the birds. There I soon came to several dark-colored little lumps, which, upon careful opening and examining, I found to be little brown worms, closely enveloped in silk, and seemingly fast asleep. Looking still further, I found many more, some even advanced to the chrysalis state. Here, then, was the attraction for the often maligned wood-peckers, they were after the worms that were destroying the tree, and instead of injuring them, as so many people think, were really destroying their enemies, and thus benefitting the trees."

Keeping Cabbage.

There are persons who insist that their cabbages must be inverted, the roots upward; that they will not keep any other way. Others cut the heads from the stumps and pack them with a great deal of care. The most simple way, when one has a cellar with a moist bottom, is to pull the cabbages as late in Autumn as may be safe, then take them right to the cellar, stand them on the roots, on moist earth, the heads leaning against the wall. This is the way cabbage is often fully formed heads will sometimes develop into good size, and the heads will be more crisp, whiter and sweeter than by any other method of preservation. Of course in pulling them earth will be left adhering to the roots, and this should be carried in as attached. A little more loose earth, if convenient, can be thrown around the roots where they stand. With a dry cellar bottom this plan is not practicable, but it will work admirably wherever the bottom is moist—not wet, just moist.—*W. A. Armstrong, of the Elmira Club.*

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The Sunday School.

Saul Rejected.

LESSON 6, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1883.

Golden Text.—Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15: 22.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Sam 15: 12-26.

12. And when Samuel rose early to meet Saul in the morning, it was told Samuel saying, Saul came to Carmel, and behold, he set him up a place, and is gone about, and passed on, and gone down to Gilgal.

13. And Samuel came to Saul, and Saul said unto him, Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord.

14. And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?

15. And Saul said, They have brought them from the Amalekites, for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God; and the rest we have utterly destroyed.

16. Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay and I will tell the what thee Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on.

17. And Samuel said, When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord annointed thee king over Israel?

18. And the Lord sent the a journey and said, Go and utterly destroy the sinners, the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed.

19. Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of the Lord.

20. And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites.

21. But the people took the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief things which should have been utterly destroyed, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal.

22. And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

23. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.

24. And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned; for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words; because I feared the people and obeyed their words.

25. Now therefore, I pray thee pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord.

26. And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee; for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Saul's action, and Saul's explanation of his action, as followed by Samuel's message from God to Saul, recorded in this lesson, illustrates:

1. Man's Idea of Obedience (vs 12 to 15, and 20 to 21.)
2. God's Idea of Obedience (vs 16 to 19, 22 to 23.)
3. Consequences of the Difference (vs 23 to 26.)

1. MAN'S IDEA OF OBEDIENCE.

Saul said, Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord (v. 13.) A man is never in kindlier mood than when he is well satisfied with himself. If he thinks he has done a good thing he is ready to smile upon those about him, and to express his good wishes to them And a man is never more inclined to think well of his own course, than when he has acted according to his own judgment, and conformed his course to his own standard. He who looks outside of himself for a rule of action and recognizes the standard which God has uplifted, is sure to see that he has not yet come to that inave not fully formed heads will sometimes develop into good size, and the heads will be more crisp, whiter and sweeter than by any other method of preservation. Of course in pulling them earth will be left adhering to the roots, and this should be carried in as attached. A little more loose earth, if convenient, can be thrown around the roots where they stand. With a dry cellar bottom this plan is not practicable, but it will work admirably wherever the bottom is moist—not wet, just moist.—*W. A. Armstrong, of the Elmira Club.*

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News of the Week

Reunion of the Army of the Cumberland.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 24.—Promptly at 7:45 the Society moved from the Burnet House, with band and banners, to Music Hall. The local military organizations were to have escorted the Society, but were not on hand promptly, and they marched to the Hall alone. Music Hall was beautifully decorated with flags, stacks of arms, tents and cannon on the stage. An audience of nearly 2,000 was already seated when the Society marched in and took seats near the stage.

Gen. H. M. Cist called the meeting to order and introduced Gov. Charles Foster, who delivered an address of welcome. His mention of Rosecrans, Sheridan, Logan, Pope, Hazen, Wood and others on the stage brought rounds of applause, which only ceased as the Generals bowed acknowledgement, and Gen. Sheridan good-naturedly called for order.

Gen. Sheridan made a brief response of thanks to Gov. Foster and introduced the orator of the Society, Gen. Smith Deakins, of Freeport, Ill. His address commanded attention and was often applauded.

Capt. Millard, with the help of the Apollo Club, sang a song composed by himself for the occasion.

In response to calls, Gen. Rosecrans made a few remarks, favoring reunions, saying that unless soldiers stuck together, the wise provision of the statutes giving the preference to soldiers in the public service was in danger of being forgotten. He regarded also the encouragement of devotion to the country an ample reason for keeping alive the interest in the great deeds accomplished by the volunteer army during the war.

Gen. John A. Logan was also called out. He said he was not a member of the Army of the Cumberland, but felt like he was part of it, owing to the close relationship of the armies of the Tennessee and of the Cumberland in many trying times. He commended the plan of this Society in permitting all soldiers to become members, and closed with a warm eulogy on Gen. Steedman.

Gen. Hazen also made a few remarks, while Gens. Noyes and Pope merely bowed in response to calls, owing to the lateness of the hour.

The Society marched back to the Burnet House under the escort of the military, where the members enjoyed what they termed a symposium. Among the gentlemen on the stage not named above were Gens. Stanley, Kimball, Newton, Carlin, Opdyke, Whipple and Fullerton.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 25.—At the business meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland this morning, Gen. Barnett, Chairman of the Committee on the Garfield Monument, reported a place had been selected in Washington, but it would require the action of Congress to make it final. He thought the monument would be completed in time for the reunion in 1885.

Gen. Cist, from the Committee on Publications, reported that the portrait of Geh. Wilson, the cavalry commander, will be in the next volume.

Capt. Ford reported the accession of 150 new members.

Maj. W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, was selected as the next orator, with Capt. J. B. Foraker, of Cincinnati, alternate.

The Committee on Nominations reported the re-election of the present officers as follows: President, Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan; Corresponding Secretary, Gen. H. M. Cist; Treasurer, Gen. J. Fullerton; Recording Secretary, Col. John W. Steele; with Vice-Presidents from each State and Territory represented in the Society. Capt. J. B. Foraker is Vice-President for Ohio. The report was adopted.

The Committee on Time and Place, submitted two places—Rochester and Grand Rapids—and named the first week in September. The time was changed to September 21 and 22. Chickamauga week, and a ballot resulted in the selection of Rochester, N. Y., as the place.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 25.—The closing part of the session consisted in a banquet to-night at Music Hall. The chairs in the auditorium were removed, and nine long tables furnished rooms for a thousand persons. About 600 sat down to the banquet. The dress circle seats were occupied mainly by ladies accompanying members. A band on the stage furnished the music. Owing to the absence of Gen. Sheridan, called away this evening, Gen. Rosecrans presided. Toasts and responses were as follows:

"Our Country"—Gov. Fairchild, Wisconsin.

"The War Governors of Ohio"—Gov. Chas. Foster.

"The United States Army in War and Peace"—Gen. John Pope.

"Geo. H. Thomas and the Heroic Dead"—Gen. Emerson Opdyke.

"New York Volunteers of the Union Army"—Gen. J. A. Logan.

"The Commanders of the Army of the Cumberland"—Major W. H. Lambert.

"Ohio in the War"—Gen. J. W. Keifer.

"The Army of the Cumberland"—Gen. W. B. Hazen.

"The Loyal Women of 1861-65"—Gen. R. D. Mussey.

The members express much satisfaction at the success of this reunion.

The Pension Agents Must Go.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25.—N. W. Fitzgerald & Co., pension agents of this City, were to-day suspended from practice before the Pension Bureau. It is alleged that Fitzgerald extorted illegal fees from pensioners and also filed claims for pensions for rebel soldiers.

Frank Smith, of Baltimore, has been disbarred from practice before the Pension Bureau for interfering with a Special Examiner in the discharge of his duty and assaulting him.

J. W. Flenner, of this City, has been suspended from practice before the Pension Bureau for addressing communications to pensioners intended to cause the commission of frauds.

Commissioner of Pensions Dudley has prepared for District Attorney Corkhill a large amount of documentary evidence collected by an agent of the Pension Office in relation to swindling operations by pension claim agents. Gen. Dudley will detail a Special Examiner to assist the District Attorney in his investigations.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment, and contains no poisonous drugs.

Baltimore Election—A Close Contest.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24.—The election of Mayor and City Council brought out the largest vote ever polled in the City at a Municipal election. Two tickets were in the field, the regular Democratic, headed by Gen. T. D. Latrobe, for Mayor, and the Citizens', or Fusion ticket, headed by Monroe Heiskell, a Reform Democrat, and the present City Fire Marshal. The latter was nominated by a committee of gentlemen styling themselves Reform Democrats, and subsequently endorsed by the regular Republican City Convention. The total vote on the Mayoralty is 54,754; Latrobe 29,147, Heiskell 25,607; Latrobe's majority, 3,540. The first branch of the City Council is constituted of 20 members, one from each ward. The Democrats elected 10 members, and the Fusionists 10. In the second branch the Democrats elected six and the Fusionists four.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has been the *leading Baking Powder* for years. It has gained its popularity from its being the *most perfect Baking Powder made*. It is prepared from *pure, refined materials*. For *purity, strength* and *healthfulness*, IT STANDS ALONE. Its perfect excellence will ever be fully maintained.

A Female Pension Agent to be Investigated.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The Commissioner of Pensions has discovered irregularities in the practice of Belva A. Lockwood, the female lawyer, who has a large number of cases pending before the Pension Bureau, and it is understood the question of suspending her from practice is before the Bureau and is being considered by the Commissioner and Secretary of the Interior.

Dry Tetter.

For years I was afflicted with Dry Tetter of the most obstinate type. Was treated by many of the best physicians; took quantities of mercury, potash and arsenic, which, instead of curing the Tetter, crippled me up with mineral poisons and rheumatism. The Tetter continued to grow worse, and the itching almost made me crazy. In this condition I was induced to take Swift's Specific, and the result was as astonishing as it was gratifying. In a few months the Tetter was entirely well, the Mercurial Poisoning all out of my system, and I was a well man—and due only to Swift's Specific. All like sufferers should take it. JAMES DUNNING,
Louisville, Ky.

Bitter Quarrel about a Crucifix.

HARTFORT, Oct. 25.—The large crucifix, upon which is fastened a life-size figure of Christ, still stands at the junction of the streets in front of the Roman Church in the Village of Lakeville, near this city, and the Protestant community is stirred to its depths. The merchants who signed the petition for the removal of the emblem are boycotted by all true Catholics, and now the Protestant ladies propose to retaliate in kind. The Town of Salisbury, in which Lakeville is situated, is entirely under the control of the Democratic party. The nominations of this party for the recent Town election included the name of Father Lynch, the pastor of the Catholic Church, the man who erected the crucifix. He was nominated for School Visitor. This nomination was unacceptable to many of his own party who differed with him in religious belief, they contending that, inasmuch as the priest had been active in establishing a Catholic school and in compelling all children of Catholic parentage to leave the public schools, he had forfeited all right to hold the office of Visitor to those schools. As each party elects but one Visitor each year, it was necessary to put an Independent ticket in the field to keep the clergyman off the Board. This was done, and during the early part of election day there seemed a slight chance of defeating the Democratic ticket. But this proved a fallacious hope, and Father Lynch was elected after an exciting contest. The Catholic voters were rallied from the mines and the outskirts of the Town by mounted canvassers. Until today the Protestants had evidently submitted to the inevitable, and no new movement had been made by either party. In the morning, however, posters appeared in prominent places throughout the Village, inviting the Protestant ladies to meet at the house of Mrs. George Harrison in the afternoon. It is understood that at this meeting it was resolved to form an Anti-Catholic Servant Society, and to raise a fund with which to import colored girls from the South to replace the present Irish servants. The doings of the meeting were kept a profound secret, but another meeting will be held at an early day to agree upon the form of a constitution and articles of association. There are 19 public schools in Town, and since the opening of the new Catholic school the attendance upon the public schools has greatly fallen off, although the Protestants are still keeping them all in operation as a matter of principle. Father Lynch has taken advantage of the prevailing religious excitement to inaugurate a fair in his church, by which he confidently expects to clear several thousand dollars.

What an Army Officer Lost by Race Prejudice.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—In 1866, when the army was reorganized, Frederick W. Benteen, who had been in the service since 1861, rising from a First Lieutenant to the Colonelcy of the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Infantry, was offered the appointment of Major of the Ninth Cavalry, which was composed entirely of colored troops, but he declined it, not desiring to h

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

ROCKPORT, Ind., Oct. 23.—Francis J. Kelly, arrested in Illinois for murder, reached here last night and made a confession that having been threatened by R. T. Arnett, the owner of a little trading boat, for whom he was working, he determined, on the night of September 29, after Arnett had gone to bed, to escape. Remembering Arnett's threat to follow and kill him, he went back and shot Arnett in the head, as he lay asleep, took his money, set fire to the boat and escaped with a skiff. Kelly is but 17 years old.

SALEM, O., Oct. 23.—A boiler exploded in the pump factory this afternoon. Nine persons were injured, four of whom will probably die. O. Lagrange died within an hour. Charles Cranston, James Hutchinson, George Gerlach, Frank Brookhart and Will Howell were severely burned. George Miller had his leg broken in two places.

DENVER, Oct. 23.—The News' Leadville special says: "At the Printer Boys' boarding house, this morning, Frank Gallagher, a miner, shot dead James B. Garvin, another miner. The circumstances leading to the killing are as follows: Gallagher recently married a comely young woman, concerning whom Garvin repeatedly made insulting remarks. The two men boarded at the same house, and meeting at breakfast this morning, after a few hot words Garvin pulled a revolver, which was the signal for a general fusillade. Both men emptied their revolvers, and Garvin was hit seven times, and soon expired. Gallagher was unscathed, and surrendered to the officers."

DAYTON, Oct. 24.—Mrs. Druske, an aged lady who recently lost her husband, and who after his death was influenced by her two sons to sell her property and divide the proceeds, did so, and then became despondent to such a degree that she yesterday cut her throat. She was taken to the hospital, where she died from the effects of the wound.

FOSTORIA, Oct. 23.—A lad about 18 years of age, son of Jacob Fell, a farmer living a few miles from town, was driving a team hitched to a mower, cutting clover, when the horses became frightened and ran away, throwing the boy in front of the machine. A young cousin of the boy's, riding in the rear, escaped. The horses are now enforcing their own prices at that point.

JAMESTOWN, O., Oct. 24.—There is great excitement in our little town. A farmer has just arrived, bringing news of a most horrible crime which was committed about 10 miles northeast of this place. All that is known at present is that Albert Frizin murdered his wife and three children and then terminated the fearful tragedy by putting an end to his own miserable existence. Many people have left for the scene of the crime.

VINCENNES, Ind. Oct. 23.—There is a sensational case reported from Carlisle, in Sullivan County. The affair involves a young lady and two young men of very respectable connections. For the young men the affair is extremely serious, as they are called upon to answer a grave charge—kidnapping. The young lady is Miss Tillie Wortman, a pretty and vivacious little creature, who is still in her teens. The young men are Ed. Piper and Ol. Kable, sons of leading citizens of the neighborhood of Carlisle. Miss Wortman disappeared from her home on the 1st inst. On that day she was last seen by her friends in the company of Piper. It is known that she fled with him to Terre Haute, where he deserted her and returned home. She was last seen in that City a few days later by the police. She was then in tears and in terrible distress. She left Terre Haute on an eastern train just about the time a brother arrived in search of her. She has not since been heard of by any one who knows her.

CLINTON FALLS, Ind., Oct. 24.—Last night a stranger called for supper at the house of James Crawford, an aged man, living alone with his wife near here. While she was preparing it he struck her down with a club.

At the same time a companion knocked Mr. Crawford down the same way, when they stole $40 and left both for dead, as they supposed. Crawford recovered consciousness and gave the alarm. The latest from both victims is they will both die.

DETROIT, Oct. 24.—A shocking accident happened at the Michigan Stove Works, resulting in the death of Michael Partricks and serious injury to a man named Thomas Lamb. They were engaged in grinding stones used in taking the rough edges from the castings. The stone was a new one and had been running over half an hour, when it suddenly burst into three pieces. One of the pieces struck Partrick just back of the left ear, crushing his skull, and the other struck Lamb and broke his arm. Partricks only lived 15 minutes.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 24.—John Murphy was found this morning at Wallace, 20 miles west of here. He had three bullet wounds in his body. It is supposed he was murderer for his money. He was known to have had several thousand dollars the night before which has not been found. The murderer stole a horse near by and escaped. The horse returned at noon to-day without bridle or saddle. No news of the murderer.

KENOSHA, Wis., Oct. 24.—Alfred Ditweiler attempted suicide by taking poison, but was prevented by some of his fellow-workmen, who sent for an officer and had him taken in charge until he recovers from what is supposed to be a temporary fit of insanity, brought on by trouble and excessive indulgence in strong drink. He came here about two months ago, where his family and friends reside. He is said to be a fine workman and a man of more than ordinary intelligence when himself.

PORTLAND, Mich., Oct. 24.—The jury in the inquest on the body of John Coulter, of Danby, returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death on the 21st inst. of June, 1883, at the Township of Danby, by arsenical poisoning, administered, as the jury believe, by Nancy Coulter. Mrs. Coulter will be arrested to-morrow, and will be defended by A. B. Morse, of Ionia.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 29.—A dispatch from Confluence, Pa., says dynamite in a magazine near Brock's Tunnel, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, exploded yesterday morning with terrific force, blowing the men to atoms. It is not known how the terrible accident occurred.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 27.—While Alfred Gosset, colored, was on his way to the Criminal Court, in charge of Officer Dominick, this morning, to receive life-sentence for the murder of Policeman John Coffey last April, the eldest son of Coffey, aged 19, stepped up behind Gossett, who was handcuffed, and shot him in the head. Gossett died in a few minutes, and the Deputy Sheriff in charge of the murderer immediately arrested Coffey.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Miss Helen Close began suit yesterday against Mrs. M. J. McGlashan, who advertises her business as that of "scalp surgeon." The plaintiff alleges that she was in possession of a head of hair rare in color, length and thickness, and that while having it dressed in Mrs. McGlashan's office it was so entangled that the defendant was unable to comb it out, and that while pretending to so the doctor removed half of it with shears, and afterwards bathed it with a preparation which turned the scalp black, and that the plaintiff has thereby been made, to disentangle the remainder, and has been compelled to cut it all off clean to her head. She lays damages at $5,000.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—The passenger train bound north on the Pan Handle Road and an outgoing freight on the Michigan Central collided this morning at Joliet crossing, 30 miles southeast of this City. Both engines left the track from the track and wrecked, falling upon and setting fire to a flagman's box, into which the flagman, Peter Collie, had retreated upon seeing the collision inevitable, and was burned to death. William Norris, of Logansport, the engineer on the Pan Handle train, and John Kellogg, of Michigan City, head brakeman on the Michigan Central train, were killed. John Dengan, engineer on the Michigan Central train, was severely injured, and, crazed by his hurts and fright, ran four miles to Dyer, Ind., where he arrived a lunatic. John German, the Michigan Central fireman, was also hurt. The passengers were badly shaken up by the shock, but escaped with no hurt.

TALMAGE, O., Oct. 28.—On Friday Samuel Beihl, a discharged employee of Day, Williams & Co., glass manufacturers, was standing about the gas works of Day, Williams & Co., where the men were engaged in filling the retorts. He was smoking a pipe as he watched the operations. After placing the retorts in the furnace, which was necessarily heated to a great degree of intensity, one of the workmen told him to stand aside, as he wished to get at the furnace. "So do I," he replied, and throwing his pipe on the ground, he plunged headlong through the ring whence the melted gas is taken, and passing over the pot, landed on the intensely red coals that surround it. The heat was so intense that death must have been instantaneous. As soon as possible the body was removed with an iron rake, pieces of flesh sticking to the coals. As promptly as this was done it was not quickly enough to prevent a great part of the flesh and bones being consumed. The head, arms and limbs were almost incinerated; the flesh so burned from the trunk that the vital organs—the lungs, heart and liver—were exposed, as were the intestines.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Harry Street, of this City, and young Howard, of Harlem, had a fight this morning for $200. The men fought 12 rounds. Howard gave up in the 12th round. The fight lasted 20 minutes and 500 people were present.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 28.—At 3:30 this afternoon at the junction of the Shafer road and the Baltimore pike, near the northwestern corporation line, Martin Hess, a drayman, was shot dead by Gustav Herman, of Dayton street, this City. Herman is 19 years old and was hunting on Hess's premises with a dog and gun. Martin Hess and his brother ordered Herman off. Hess and his brother threw a stone at the dog and approached Herman. Martin Hess's brother had a stick. When within two paces Herman fired and Martin Hess fell dead. Herman was arrested.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 27.—Michael McNamara, Willis Sherwood, Stephen Parker and Henry Gilbert, of the town of Trumbull, and Edward Paine, of Bridgeport, were arraigned to-day before Justice R. C. Ambler to answer the charge of having tarred and feathered Edward Houston, of Trumbull. Houston was a worthless fellow, who had reduced his wife to poverty and then compelled her to borrow money for him. She deserted him and on July 19 last Houston was taken out of his house at Tremont by masked men and treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Houston made the complaint, but he failed to appear in court to-day and the prisoners were promptly discharged. It is said that his friends have induced him to go to Texas.

LOVELADY, Tex., Oct. 27.—To-night two drunken roughs named Standley and Turner, stopped at the house of Mr. Montzinger, a reputable citizen, called him out and literally cut him to pieces in front of his wife and child. Mrs Montzinger armed herself with the ax-handle and attacked the murderers, while the little son brought out his father's gun and attempted to shoot the villains. The gun was wrenched from his hands, and Standley threatening to kill the woman and child if they raised an alarm, the pair departed. An alarm, however, was given, and a posse was soon raised. If the murderers are caught they will be lynched.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—The death yesterday of Maggie Conway, aged 18, at the house of Mrs. Ann McIlhenry, 759 Ringgold street, is believed to be due to criminal malpractice. Mrs. McIlhenry, aged 58, her husband, a cripple, aged 62, and John Stewart, accused of burying a number of bodies in the yard, and Jennie Hannon, aged 19, who was in the house, have been arrested. Many bodies are said to be buried in the yard, and the police are ordered to disinter them. Jennie Garrison died in the house last March.

WARRENTON, Mo., Oct. 25.—A mildly insane man named Keany was placed in a large room adjoining the jail, under the Court House, by the authorities, who had taken him out of the wet and cold. While the jailor was at supper screams attracted people to the window. They saw Keany in an insane frenzy hugging a red-hot stove, the victim being away, but death soon relieved his sufferings.

GREENFIELD, O., Oct. 25.—John Doggett, bartender in Charles Hiras' grocery, was attacked on his way home last night by an unknown person, shot twice and instantly killed. Several colored men saw the murder, but failed to catch the murderer.

WEST BRANCH, Mich., Oct. 24.—Dr. James S. Fraser, of this place, was accidentally shot this evening about dark by Emory Brownell. They were hunting about two miles east of town. Brownell heard a noise in the thicket, but could see nothing, and supposing it to be a bear or deer, fired into the bushes with the above result. The ball passed through the groin and perhaps inflicted internal injuries. No examination has yet been made. Dr. Vaughan, of Bay City, has been telegraphed for. It is feared the wound will prove fatal.

CONNEAUT, O., Oct. 25.—Mrs. Joseph Judevine, a lady 67 years of age, living east of West Springfield depot, was struck by a westbound Nickel Plate train this afternoon and instantly killed. She was attempting to cross the track ahead of the train.

DENVER, Oct. 25.—One of the Mexicans implicated in the murder of four men at a dance near Gardners a few nights ago, was overtaken by a band of armed men last night, a rope placed around his neck, the other end made fast to the horn of a saddle, the horse then frightened into a run, dragging the poor culprit over the rocks and stumps until life was ex inct. When captured he stated that he, with his companion, had been hired to commit the murder.

CHEBOYGAN, Oct. 24.—Alfred Osler has not yet been found. Over 75 people have scoured the woods for several days in the vicinity of the place he was last seen, but to no purpose. He with others went out hunting Sunday and became separated from the rest. He has without doubt met with some accident, probably resulting in his death.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 29.—A terrible disaster occurred near Brooks Tunnel, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, yesterday morning about 9 o'clock, resulting in the killing of five men. The railroad company had erected a magazine in which was stored 1,200 pounds of dynamite. Four of the crew of a freight train walked back to the vicinity of the magazine, and were engaged in conversation with the watchman, while waiting for the passenger train, when a terrible concussion shook the houses for 15 miles around. Windows at a distance of seven miles were shattered. Horror stricken, the people ran from their houses, and upon investigation found that the dynamite had exploded. Everything in the vicinity gave evidence of the terrific force of the explosion. Trees were uprooted, huge rocks torn asunder, and telegraph poles for half a mile prostrated. Nothing remained of the magazine.

The cause of the explosion is shrouded in mystery. Not far from the accident a gun was found and it is supposed that one of the victims discharged it, the concussion causing the dynamite to explode.

The names of the unfortunate men are as follows: Geo. Reynolds, engineer, Confluence, Pa.; Charles Tice, flagman, Confluence, Pa.; Robert Hammond, watchman, Cumberland, Md.; W. A. Dean, tunnel blacksmith, and H. B. Burchald, helper, both of Cornwalls, Va.

SCRANTON, Oct. 29.—An explosion of fire damp is reported from the Pennsylvania Coal Company's shaft No. 7, three miles from Pittston.

Thomas and James Gallagher, brothers, were brought out dead and burned almost to a crisp. Six others were seriously burned and injured. Three will probably die, having what is called "after damp." The men were in the part of the mine where the explosion occurred; the balance escaped. The force of the explosion blew down the brattices and props and tore the gates apart, lifting the men up bodily and hurling some to a distance of 20 and 30 feet

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At Nashville, Tenn., Wednesday, Annie Bonney committed suicide by morphine. She was separated five years ago from her husband, a policeman of Buffalo, with two children, who now live there.

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At DesMoines, George Batts, a young man, was shot in the head by a woman known as "Roving Clara," while walking with her on the street. The wound will prove fatal. This is the woman's second attempt to kill her escort.

While adjusting one of the glass fronts in the new hotel at Peoria, Ill., a workman jumped through one of the lights. The man was terribly lacerated, and lies in a critical condition. To replace the glass will cost $500. It must be cast in France.

A sail boat containing Frank Steinhauer, Theodore Eggers and Frank Otto was struck by a squall when three miles off shore at Milwaukee and the boat sank. Charles Fessler, in another small boat, picked up Eggers and Otto, but Steinhauer was drowned. He leaves a wife and three children.

At Central City, S. C., Thomas Mitchell was set upon by seven circus men, murdered and thrown from a train. Mitchell fought pluckily, and inflicted serious injuries upon his assailants, but they soon overpowered him. The murderers fled to the woods, and officers are pursuing them.

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Ora Davis, a young lady aged 14 years, committed suicide at her home near Washington, Ind., by taking "rough on rats." Her father objected to her marrying a farm-laborer, who was a relative, so the young lady concluded that life had no charms for her. Her family is one of the wealthiest in the County. She left a letter addressed to her lover, but no message to her parents.

James Gilmore, the incendiary who set fire some months ago to the Bridgewater, Mass., Work House, was sentenced to 20 years in State Prison Wednesday. Gilmore addressed the Court, saying that he set the building on fire because he was treated badly while living in the Work House. The testimony of officers showed him to be a very refractory inmate, whom it was necessary frequently to punish.

An old man giving the name of William Kriu has swindled several Iowa banks out of about $5,000. His plan was to open accounts with the banks and then commence shipping grain to commission houses, drawing against the same as he shipped it. When he had in this way made himself solid with the commission house he would draw without attaching any bill of lading and hold his bills over for a day or two. He would then make another draft on the same grain and attach a bill of lading, get the money from the bank and skip the country.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AN UNPOPULAR OFFICER.

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—Gen. Steinman, the officer commanding the troops at Oldenburg, who is a Prussian and only recently appointed to that post, made himself very unpopular. He grossly insulted soldiers and people of Oldenburg, whereupon he received a challenge from an Oldenburg officer. The men met and the challenger was seriously wounded. Gen. Steinmann's house was afterwards attacked and partly demolished by a mob, which had to be dispersed by force of soldiers. Martial law has been proclaimed at Oldenburg.

SENSATIONAL NIHILIST PUBLICATION.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 23.—The first number of the Socialist paper, The Will of the People, which is printed abroad, has reached this city. It contains a letter from the Nihilist prisoner Netschajeff to the Czar.

Netschajeff was condemned 10 years ago, and was supposed to be dead. The writer complains of the inhumanity of the prison officials, and terrible treatment to which he and his fellow prisoners are subjected. He says he has recently been deprived of the little light hitherto allowed him.

The journal adds that the letter was originally written in blood on a printed piece of paper, and a great portion, therefore, is illegible. The letter created much excitement, and a sensation among the Nihilists in St. Petersburg.

GREENWICH MERIDIAN.

ROME, Oct. 24.—The report of the Committee of the Geodetic Association was adopted after an animated debate. The report favors the universal adoption of the Greenwich meridian, and recommends as the point of departure of the universal hour and cosmopolitan dates the mean noon of Greenwich. The conference hopes, if the world agrees, a unification of longitudes and hours by accepting the Greenwich meridian. Congland is still at large the unification of weights and measures by joining the Metrical Convention.

War in Texas.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29.—The Post-Dispatch prints in a very late edition a special from Austin, Tex., stating that intense excitement has prevailed there all last night and to-day in consequence of a telegram received by Gov. Ireland that 500 negros are under arms in the town of Gauze, Milam County, and an outbreak is momentarily expected and asking for immediate help. Gov. Ireland issued a proclamation calling the military to arms, and before midnight last night over 1,000 men at Austin, Houston, Galveston and other places responded to the call and were ready to march at a moment's notice. Gov. Ireland left the work and its value. On referring this to the Public Printer, Col. Corkhill was informed that only 10 copies had been delivered to private individuals, and none of these to this firm, and that none had been ordered in advance by the firm. The Interior Department had ordered 1,000 copies, and about 175 copies had been ordered by the other departments. Those printed for the Senate and House had not been delivered. There is no such firm in the directory as the one named.

"Counting Chickens," Etc.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 29.—Alex. Mitchell, in an interview regarding the possibility of his accepting the Secretaryship of the Treasury, in case of a Democratic President being elected in 1884, said he wanted to see a change in the administration of Government affairs, and will do his part toward assisting the Democratic party into power; but will not do so for any office, the Secretaryship of the Treasury or other, for he does not want it. He said he trusted the late banquet to him by Milwaukee citizens had no political tag attached, and in this belief he is supported by the declarations of 20 or 30 more of those who were interested in arranging the demonstration. All unite, however, in the opinion that he is the ablest financier of the Northwest, and perhaps of America.

Grand Division Sons of Temperance of Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 29.—The 41st annual meeting of the Sons of Temperance of Ohio will convene in this city on next Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. A large gathering is expected. On Wednesday evening a public reception will be tendered this honored body by the order in Cincinnati at Smith & Nixon's Music Hall. The program is elaborate. The Grand Division Sons of Temperance of Kentucky will be present, under the lead of the Grand Worthy Patriarch of that State.

Cyclone in Louisiana.

WATERPROOF, La., Oct. 29.—A cyclone passed over Catahoula and Tensas Parishes this morning. Along its place of struck James Bowman's plantation on the Tensas river. Three houses were blown down and four negros wounded. The next place was D. D. Miller's Highland plantation. One house was lifted from its foundation and carried about half a mile into the woods. A negro church was turned around. Tim Thomas, colored, had an arm broken, and his wife, another woman and two children were hurt badly. The cyclone then visited D. Stone's pecan plantation. A barn and two houses were blown down. The next place was H. oses & Co.'s Helena plantation. The roof of the overseer's house was carried away, eight cabins demolished and three persons badly hurt, seven or eight slightly. Mrs. Bowman's house, Catahoula Parish, was blown down. She escaped but three children have not been found yet. Three houses on N. C. Young's place, three on Watson's and three on the Fermenter place were demolished.

Another Pension Fraud Unearthed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Commissioner Dudley has received and referred to District Attorney Corkhill a circular, by "I. Pickring & Co.," of this City, sent out to pension claimants over the country, offering to send the five volumes comprising the list of pensioners for "$10.50, C. D. D." The circular sets forth the merit of the work and its value. On referring this to the Public Printer, Col. Corkhill was informed that only 10 copies had been delivered to private individuals, and none of these to this firm, and that none had been ordered in advance by the firm. The Interior Department had ordered 1,000 copies, and about 175 copies had been ordered by the other departments. Those printed for the Senate and House had not been delivered. There is no such firm in the directory as the one named.

Barbarity of French Soldiers.

PARIS, Oct. 29.—Mail advices show the French forces, in encounters in the vicinity of Hanoi, early in September, met Chinese regulars well armed and officered. After a conflict of three days, during which the French took some of the enemy's works, they withdrew, leaving Hai Phong still in the hands of the enemy. Some troops of the King of Annam were with the enemy.

A letter from Laigon states unheard-of cruelties were committed near there, on the occasion of its capture, by French sailors. Admiral Courbet directed, in an official order, there should be no quarter given men, women or children. Three hundred Annamites, fleeing the Bay of Thuan, were all shot; 150 drifting in a junk without arms or oars, were also massacred. The Figaro declares Admiral Courbet, at the instance of Commissioner Harmand, allowed the perpetration of such acts in order to terrorize the Annamites. The Temps says Admiral Courbet gave such orders, but admits 1,200 of the enemy were slain at Thuan.

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CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Cholera has reappeared in Fayroon, on the west side of the Nile, and at Zifteh, Egypt.

The attorney for Miss Hill, of San Francisco, has sued ex-Sen. Sharon for $120,000 for alleged slander.

It is reported that German exports to the United States are rapidly decreasing in number and value.

Issue of standard silver dollars for week ended October 27, 604,099; corresponding period last year, 748,000.

Gen. Pope objects to being transferred from Leavenworth to San Francisco, but the Secretary of War is firm.

Central Illinois reports the largest apple crop ever raised. Champaign County expects to ship 50,000 bushels.

Judge Love, of Des Moines, who suffers from a wound received during the Mexican war, is absent from the bench for the first time in 27 years.

Rear Admiral Crosby, commanding the Asiatic Station, has asked to be retired immediately under the 40 years' service law. His request will be granted.

It is stated the Pope will declare the Pantheon a Pagan temple if a monument to Victor Emanuel is erected in the center, as intended by King Humbert.

The registration lists in Boston contain 65,000 names. Seven hundred Republicans have enrolled themselves as a vigilance committee to guard against frauds.

Gov. Sherman's plurality over Kinne (Democrat) by the full official returns from Iowa, is 25,089. His majority over both Kinne and Weaver (Greenback) is over 2,000.

The Irish informers, Michael Kavanaugh, Joseph Smith and Joseph Hanlon, have arrived at Calcutta. They were shipped as grooms on a steamer which took horses from Melbourne to the former port.

The Michigan Board of Health finds that the numerous deaths from typhoid fever among the pupils of a German parochial school at Adrian are attributable to the water in the well, the soil of the yard being disgustingly foul.

A daughter of Osborn Combs, of Breathitt County, Ky., was accosted in the highroad by an unknown man, who made indecent proposals to her, and on her refusal to submit, he drew a pistol and shot her. The villain is still at large.

Bostonians have subscribed $250,000 as a permanent fund for the Massachusetts Institute for Technology, to be called the "William Barton Rogers Fund." The income only will be used for the support of the Institute.

Margaret Mallon died at 378 Hicks street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, while sitting in a chair conversing with her daughter. She was born in Ireland, 102 years ago, and had been 16 years in the country. She leaves two children, each over 70 years old.

Complete official returns for Iowa at the late election for Governor give Sherman, Republican, 164,182; Kinne, Democrat, 139,093; Weaver, Greenbacker, 23,039. Sherman's majority over Kinne, 25,089; over Kinne and Weaver both, just 2,000.

The Lumber Dealers' Association at a meeting Saturday advanced the price on thick lumber, sheets, flooring, beaded, ceiling and lathing. No change was made in the price of common boards. The prices has been one dollar higher than last year.

There is great excitement at Bad Axe, Mich., over the discovery of crude petroleum within a quarter of a mile of the Village. A sample was sent to Prof. Duffield, of Detroit, for analysis. A test well will probably be sunk at once by local capitalists.

Capt. Rand and Mate Thomas Pender, of the steamer "Tropic," convicted of violating the neutrality laws by furnishing arms and ammunition to the insurgents of Hayti, have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500 and costs.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge sailed from New York for England Saturday. A large number of friends saw him off. He hopes to be able to pay another visit to America. His son, Gilbert Coleridge, will remain and travel extensively through the Western States.

The Lincoln Monument Association held a meeting at Springfield, Ill., to close up its affairs, the work for which it was organized having been completed. It has expended $208,000, and has a balance of over $8,500 to be devoted to repairs and improvements.

Suit has been begun in Philadelphia in behalf of Mary Rose Barber against the Sisters of the Order of St. Francis to recover $1800 deposited with that Order in money and goods upon her admission, 18 years ago, and six years' salary at $1500 for her services as needle woman.

Fifteen thousand people paid 25 cents each for the privilege of seeing in Exeter Hall, London, the returned leaders of the Salvation Army. Miss Booth, in an address, declared that the Salvationists would yet take Switzerland. The door fees are to be used in maintaining the army.

At a business session of the Universalists' Convention in Washington a resolution was offered to include young women as well as young men among those to be educated for the ministry. A long discussion followed, and finally the President decided argument on the question at this time out of order.

At a mass-meeting at Coleman, Texas, where ranchmen and fence-cutters were both represented, it was agreed to suspend the work of destroying inclosures for 15 days, in order to canvass the sentiment of the County, and to fence no more pastures until the special session of the Legislature.

Since September 1 the Postoffice Department has furnished Postmasters with 290,926,164 postage stamps, $6,359,600 stamped envelopes and 74,985,250 postal cards, or a total of 457,310,014 pieces at the aggregate value of $8,520,540. This enormous issue was made upon 114,151 requisitions from postmasters.

"Old Line" Democrats bolt and publish an address against Butler. The Boston Herald says it was announced on the best, but not official authority, that S. A. B. Abbott, nominated to the second place on the Democratic ticket, declines. Abbott informed his friends that he had no sympathy with Butler.

Ida Kent, aged 15, whose disappearance from Michtegan City aroused the people to search, was brought back from Porter Station by a policeman. She says that she was decoyed from the school room to a wagon, chloroformed, covered with a buffalo robe, and driven to the woods, where she was tied to a tree and left until a farmer released her.

Atty.-Gen. Brewster has written a letter to Messrs. Shellabarger & Wilson requesting them to assist the District Attorney in the defense of John G. Thompson in the trial of the case of Kilbourn vs. Thompson, and they have consented to do so. The employment is contingent that this firm shall not receive pay unless Congress shall make the necessary appropriation for the service.

John M. Gliddien, the Secretary of the Republic Iron Company, says his failure is owing to the shrinkage of values in the iron trade, and that within three months he has lost over $300,000 from this cause. The Republic Iron Company, which owns some of the most valuable iron mines in the country, and which has a stock capital of $2,500,000, will, it is stated, not suffer from his embarrassment.

The annual report of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General shows the total cost of transportation by all methods to have been $19,254,898; increase over the preceding year, $853,847; increase in railway service, $1,094,616; in steamboat service, $33,602; decrease in the cost of Star Route service, $814,871; estimated cost of the latter service for the next year, $5,6000,000; estimate for railroad service next year, $13,755,216.

The Redskins Outwit the Greasers.

CHIHUAHUA, Mex., Oct. 27—The Apaches, under Jule and Geranimo, have outgeneralled the officer in command of the troops at Casas Grande. Their manuvers have been most skilfully executed. Mexican officials endeavored to get both chiefs in camp at once with all their bucks, which would have ended the matter. Parleys were made for days, yet Jule came into camp one day, Geranimo another. Meantime, both knowing that Gen. Guera, commander of the forces of Northern Mexico, had left the City of Mexico, planned and carried out the largest raid ever made by the Apaches. The Mexican forces, 500 in all, owned jointly by Gov. Terrazas and Henry Miller, the wealthiest citizens of the State, they surprised the herders and got away with 70 horses, well broken and valuable. The job was done by three Apaches. From one of Miller's ranches, 15 miles west, they stole a horse and two mules and got 15 hours start of their pursuers. Along the foot hills of the Sierra Madras, they worked the same desperate game. They are making for Arizona with 2,000 horses, including 60 Mexican cavalry horses, pursued by the Mexican soldiers and Citizens. It is hoped a United States force will head them off.

Georgia Ku Klux Found Guilty.

ATLANTA, Oct. 27.—In the Banks County Ku Klux case, eight prisoners were found guilty on every indictment, and will be sentenced Monday. Judge McCoy, in his charge, was very severe in his condemnation of so-called Ku Klux crimes. He said: "It is strange that men should so forget their manhood and so forget their God, and the laws of their country, as to permit themselves to do such things on poor, helpless negros. It is a disgrace to humanity and to society, and I say, as a citizen of the United States, and as an observer, that nothing has tended so much to bring this Southern country into disgrace; nothing has tended so much to put the balance of the United States against us as this kind of outrage. They are no mean; they are disgraceful; they are horrible. They are things which people out of this country cannot comprehend or understand."

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The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31, 1883.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$ 2,806,200
Specie, decrease	1,091,300
Legal tenders, decrease	257,400
Deposits, decrease	4,233,500
Circulation, increase	83,300
Reserve, decrease	290,325

The banks are $307,550 below lawful requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at about 2@3 ₱ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 6@7 ₱ cent. Bar silver, 110¼. Sterling Exchange steadier—actual business done at $4.81@4.81½ for long and $4.84¼ for sight. Government Bonds strong. State Securits quiet. Railroad bonds firm. Stocks—After 11 o'clock the market was quiet and irregular. Changes slight and business dull.

Government Bonds—4½s, coupons, 114¾; 4s, 122; 3s, 100½ bid; Pacific 6s, '95, 130 bid.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 30.	Oct. 23.
4½'s, coupons	114¾	114½
4's "	122	121¾
3's, registered	100¼	100
Pacific 6's of '95	130	129

TRADE.

A fair seasonable business is reported from different trade centers. The situation is one of confidence, and there is nothing in the future outlook to indicate anything but stability.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No 2 red wheat brought 100¼c in this market; on Wednesday, 99¾c was the value; on Thursday it noted 100c; on Friday it marked 101c; on Saturday it went up to 101c, and on Monday it stood nominally at 102¼c, showing an improvement on the week of 1c.

The past week was an uneventful one in the grain market. Although there was a little firmer tone at the close, there was, and is, nothing in the situation to cause a rapid advance. The controlling idea with operators at present is that until there is evidence of a decrease of the visible supply of grain is shown, values will undergo no radical change. While a large quantity of wheat has gone into consumption, the receipts continue and the supply increases. However, in winter wheat especially there will undoubtedly be a lessening of supplies, and with this will come stronger markets, not only for the winter stuff, but for spring wheat also. Unless the estimates of the statisticians are at fault and the public deceived as to the outturn of the crop of 1883, as well as the amount of surplus held in the country from the previous year's crop, a time must come within the year when wheat will not only command better prices, but will